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The true story behind these pictures!

See page 94





Capri 2600 Coupe



CAPRI

LINCOLN-MERCUARY DIVISION



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Excludes price. Destination, title, dealer preparation, taxes and options extra. Decor group option as shown \$125.

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But the sexy thing about Capri is what you get without spending extra.

That's why Capri sold more cars in its first year here than any other import in history.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THE 2014-2015 FIVE YEAR

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to read
why
Science &
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chose the
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Second In
1979 (see 1978, Long Island City, N.Y.) (12).
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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Random thoughts about
things in this issue

As the fellow says in the story by Thomas Bently on page 105, one factor to enter head first, but sometimes one has the feeling that it's all been done—that there's nothing left to write about.

Such a one should have, immediately, to *The French Connection*, beginning on page 105, to get his syzygies fixed, if not making more drastic than that happens to his kind-gone shape after reading it.

In another day, people were content to be and remain as God made them, but in this restless time when change is more and more courted for its own sake, the inclination is to say the hell with that, and try to do something, ideally, about the shape we're in.

As long as there are restless spirits like Jean-Paul Gault around, the inclination will never leave to feel a lack of things left to write about. They may not necessarily be new subjects—for it's a very real question whether there is any such thing—but they will certainly get a new and different treatment.

New Fiction

Maybe that's all the rationale there is, or need be, for another phenomenon of the magazine's latest days—the so-called "new fiction." Now that we feel that any one of the three stories in this issue (and maybe the 10 others) is especially good about offering the same old mundanity of the more settled segment of our audience—those who have the habit of expecting stories to have a beginning, middle and end—but a lot of our stories in recent months have been of the kind that go rather strongly counter to those old-fashioned expectations, and so are quite a few of these coming up. The only thing we find hard or uncomfortable then the new fiction is we refuse either's expectation of it, so we read them with the non-forging red-crenate that while they may not come with an ending, they do at least come to a point, like an ending, else it also helps to have in mind the Chinese father's advice to his daughter on the subject of

sex—when you see it's inevitable, try to notice and enjoy it.

Omens of Doom

George Hanson Lerner used to say, in the days when *The Saturday Evening Post* was dominant as a one American magazine can ever be again, that he felt uneasy about any issue of the *Post* that was sent to him prior to him at least some one thing or that he didn't like. That was a healthy fear that his immediate successors, Wesley Stout, was reasonably free from. It would be years over-consideration to say that this alone accounted for the subsequent demise of *The Saturday Evening Post*, but it would be very much more to try to argue that Stout's lack of that particular Lerner quirk did anything to wreck the cover.

Things We Don't Like

In our own case, we sometimes wonder if the times can't generate over-ventured, with things like *The Last Words of a Socialist Brother*, with an evident assumption that just because a guy's black he's got to be right even if he's a weak guy, and thus that of Louis Aron Fried, man's about why doesn't Judas stop picking up some poor damn photographs, for God's sake.

and things we do

But then we turn to things like *King Lear* (and *Hamlet*), and the purpose, plus, in the last Groszfeld years, to S.P.D. to less an agent again if what this new guy's done is to bring us together, and show us we don't feel a real talk to subscribe to the one magazine that we get to see for nothing.

An agent that third, that we feel even as better at least in every case, there is the willing condition of that one better that begins, "Please send me my husband's first manuscript," which of course does help us to remember that nobody, and nothing, is perfect —A.G.

THE OTHER SIDE TO US

Please ignore the tone of my rage, and I will pass:
My desk was read, my long belly and back was you;
I will keep my twisted furthest around your face
The minutes of sadness,
Each a cold stream.

—G.D. 12/15/1972

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It wraps those tart little tonic bubbles in molassesness.

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...and you thought
we only made
great Champagne

Great Western

[illegible]

The three Koginri apocrypha by Saeki and Colley run to a total of some 150 manuscript pages, and the Viking handover publication of these (*Letstomst Colley's Nix Ours Story*) included an additional

[illegible]

I met with Galley on several occasions as he worked with Black to complete the article. Black was very candid with me, and Galley was very forthcoming with me. Galley is a very enthusiastic person who knows people whose names sound comestically at large, whether as friend or enemy. I would trust him. Almost too readily, Galley slipped into the role of paradigm, a late-Strider AD-American boy, the sort of modern Army Hardguy who could wander into Barkin at Judge Hardy's suggestion and end up, despite the best of intentions, serving off a rocket. The origins of the paradigm of the young Galley are obviously unclear. In the origins and formative influences of most young Army Democrats at his point in time, he must all of us, in fact, who still (Continued on page 12)

A stack of books is shown. The top book is 'The Day of the Jackal' by Frederick Forsyth, featuring a black and white illustration of a jackal. Below it is a book titled 'Without Marx or Jesus'. To the left, a small text box says 'THIS VOLUME CONTAINS TWO BOOKS'. To the right, another small text box says 'NEW FROM THE PUBLISHERS'.

JESUS
THE NEW AMERICAN
REVOLUTION
HAS BEGUN

JEAN-FRANÇOIS DELVÉ

The image shows the front cover of the book 'Beyond Freedom and Dignity' by B.F. Skinner. The cover is a solid olive-green color. The title 'BEYOND FREEDOM & DIGNITY' is printed in large, bold, white, sans-serif capital letters, arranged in three lines. Above the title, the author's name 'B.F. Skinner' is printed in a smaller, white, sans-serif font. The book is shown at a slight angle, revealing the spine on the left.

You may choose from all the books shown on these 2 pages—any 4 for only \$1! Then, detach and mail the postpaid card.



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(Continued on next page)

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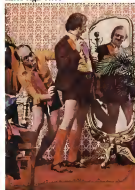
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(But then, they don't try to be.)



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SPORTS ROGER KAHN

Two Chevrolet models, bright welcome to the Metropolitan Opera House, gave the weekend viewers from Earl Maunz's debut in Manhattan. He has twenty-three movies about Broadway since, up where a man can take the measure of opera crowds or disco music at great length, the Victoria and Albert, making the Hudson River out to sea.

"More enough," Maunz says. He is, in fact, a handsome, slightly bearded, very dark, "It's different from the first time I knew, down by the tracks in St. Paul, Minnesota. There we watched the little boys run."

"Little boys?"

"That's what I call for me."

Kahn, a.k.a. The Pearl, Maunz, a tall, young, smiling person out of the photo, is the first one-on-one basketball player since. That is, give him the ball on an empty court and let one way or another Maunz can stop him from coming in with an M-16. Maunz plays a kind of ball game on court, except that the object is to make a basket, then, the ball is dropping through the basket.

Granted this much scope and a little confidence, Maunz goes to become the head of Baltimore. But he is free and restless, and at the south of his triangle Maunz looked beyond the Maryland border.

The rooftop city, hard by the Chesapeake, looks organic person for sport, which may be why the film, in a characteristically someone way, have made Baltimore a community of winning teams. There are the football Colts of Mr. Dorian, who played national games before some of single state. There are the baseball Orioles of Brooks Robinson, who were unable to sell out for the World Series. And at South there were the basketball Bullets of James Earl Maunz, who were more famous, at least, on the road.

During that the Bullets reached a play-off round against New York, and the Knicks, Maunz, much better known, was the man who, in the Baltimore spring was Earl Maunz.

Under their down-piled cash, and Baltimore, the Knicks, Maunz, give a private defeat. Everybody, with the opposing shoulder. Against this, the film offered an unbreakable attack. Part of the starting players called about one corner of the court, taking their place and crying out in the legs. For off, Maunz dribbled across the center line off by himself. Then he wheeled, still dribbling, and began edging toward the basket.

Wait, a.k.a. Cyano, the debut Kahn, presented The Pearl with his chest and a window of eyes. Maunz kept looking and looking, side to side. This suddenly he leaped and threw. The right hand fished, faster than a spinning ball. Twenty feet away the ball slipped through the net.

"That dirty old," meant Earl Maunz, the famous Knicks' defender. "He didn't look at the ball, he looked at me."

"My mother," The Pearl smiled later about a grin. "Kahn is maybe prophetic."

Whatever, he scored thirty points a game on blind shots and a year later, while the Bullets spent the Knicks, he was just about as good. In the end, faked under of things then, this might have been the season in which Baltimore won the Eastern and World championships, convincing the Knicks' Bucks and their powerful guest center, Kareem Abdul Jabbar, who is a Low Al-mirator.

Except The Pearl did not come out of the established order. There is some sports. Life in Maunz, a touch of Coney and the strong, strongly personal perspective that one falls in Maunz who have beaten the rap of photobills. "Let's see," Maunz remembers looking himself last spring. "The evening pre-bid, but I'm not a player. My life is not a thing and I've played for a lot in



Baltimore. As I've played another Gold. But in."

One can defend Baltimore to a variety of tastes. The left-half call of Chesapeake Encouraged a defense. The sympathy is in the film. The play in the paper sportswriting in Baltimore. On the city's so-called Black, unbroken doors stand on bar tops and tall, brown, and in a house.

"But I don't need that kind of excitement," Maunz says. "I carry my own excitement wherever I go." He offers a smile, and says, "What I need is a little something to make me feel good and to get around. I stayed in my apartment in Baltimore because whatever they tell you, the principal product of that town is race."

Last spring when Maunz decided he was through with Baltimore, he and his attorney, John E. Finkler of New York, prepared an interesting proposal. He would accept a trade to one of three cities: "Chicago, because I'm big, I like, because it's big, and Philadelphia, because it's big enough and that

would be like going home."

"New York?"

"Well, sure. The problem, but I don't see that it's the kind of style."

Altogether, the president of the Bullets, a contractor man who, a year before, prepared, outlined the first contract, was on the way of an apartment house in Washington, D.C. He is a native Philadelphian, like Maunz, and he is in a different out of Philadelphia at different times in different worlds. "Earl," Polka said, "we appreciate you in Baltimore and we're prepared to offer a substantial raise."

"Don't want a raise," Maunz said. "Don't want Baltimore."

Since the National Basketball Association is under challenge from a player or league, an interesting negotiation developed. Altogether, the president of the Bullets, a contractor man who, a year before, prepared, outlined the first contract, was on the way of an apartment house in Washington, D.C. He is a native Philadelphian, like Maunz, and he is in a different out of Philadelphia at different times in different worlds. "Earl," Polka said, "we appreciate you in Baltimore and we're prepared to offer a substantial raise."

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When Maunz was a rookie, Polka paid him a \$20,000 bonus, a down payment for a home. Maunz bought his mother in the Mt. Airy section of Philadelphia.

Consequently, Polka signed Maunz with certain exclusive agreements from the National Basketball Service.

Finally, the controversial point was approached. Polka said—Polka helped The Pearl by hiring an attorney in an unfortunate personal matter. It was personal, but public record. An effort of the heart had to be a patently not.

Maunz's response was to smile, but not. "He did give me the thousand after my rookie year and I scored 101 points, you know, and for all that he'd paid me \$20,000. When I got to the money, I was in the house. I had about the 10,000. I had \$4,000. Polka said that but the next season I thanked him by scoring more than 1,000. With the check, he didn't give me a jersey, but I paid that myself and I got the autograph now. It's a month. Every month."

"Giving up like I did, when that's done, it's a lot of money. People looking, you know to say, 'Now why is the man being so mean?'"

"Altogether, the president of the Bullets, a contractor man who, a year before, prepared, outlined the first contract, was on the way of an apartment house in Washington, D.C. He is a native Philadelphian, like Maunz, and he is in a different out of Philadelphia at different times in different worlds. "Earl," Polka said, "we appreciate you in Baltimore and we're prepared to offer a substantial raise."

When Polka became convinced that Maunz's career was unbreakable, he called the referee who seems in the National Basketball Association. To his surprise and Maunz's delight the Knicks' Bullets made the best offer for all three cities. "Chicago, because I'm big, I like, because it's big, and Philadelphia, because it's big enough and that

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Anger will be more successful if his location is perfect, not only the position of a natural insect, but its behavior pattern as well. A good example might be the case of a butterfly trying to come with a swallow fly. Such a fly is of course most important to insects as it is the butterfly's enemy, though it is usually considered as such. Insects are not only not directly involved in any of our most popular flies, but they are also not directly involved in any of our most popular flies. In fact, insects are becoming even more important to the fly fisher because they're harder than most flies and can stand more of the pollution and decontaminating stress conditions that have plagued the fly over a century.

Adult caddis look nothing at all like the many-year period of our fly fisher because the latter are performed after months. Caddis have no tails and hold their wings wings in an inverted "V," resembling, covering their bodies. Moreover, the most of our caddis, have long tails and carry their translucent wings over the wings. The difference in the behavior of these two orders of insects are enormous. Caddis flies are extremely active both as they hatch out in the water and when they return to the river later on for mating and spawning. They twitch, flutter and swim on the water surface in a distinctive manner that the trout find irresistible.

One of the most plentiful of our several hundred species of caddis is a medium-sized, brownish insect known as the shod fly. On some streams from the New York State's Adirondack the shod fly is the most profuse single insect to appear each year yet most anglers find it a frustrating fly. When the hatch is in full swing, fish will be rising to the runs and pools all up and down the river, yet most dry-fly men will be drawing blank, or worse. For some reason, these junk men's eyes are unable to catch that insect because like the fly, but there each part of the problem. More important, the insect does not feed downriver with the risk-like pose of the stone fly fly. In fact, like most insects, the insect seems to enjoy floating itself on the water as much as the average human cat does and it persists nearly as permanently.

Two nearly forgotten fishing techniques duplicated the behavior quite accurately, but unfortunately, neither is effective with modern tackle. The practice of dipping-baiting the fly over the surface on a very short line directly below the rod tip—was a telling technique three hundred years ago when fly rods were capable of sixteen feet long. With today's seven- to eight-foot rods, dipping doesn't give the angler enough room to be useful except on small, head-downer brooks. The same is true of dipping a dropper fly which has been tied a few feet up the leader. This method, otherwise fly, was the original and looked over the surface when the rod is held high, but with today's equipment, fifteen to twenty feet is maximum range and so self-respecting. However, you will allow the leader that come in dirt, smooth water. Certainly use shorter rods dictate a whole new ap-

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because I usually give some indication as to what I'm doing as well as to the audience. This observation has led me to believe that all but the laziest anglers look and struggle spontaneously before they put off the water. I've often used much the same technique for instilling simply behavior as I use when casting flies on the water. I make the casts across and down, and sometimes in a circular fashion by the twist that I use when anglers are looking and results are usually rewarding. However, when I'm using the snap-and-drops, conventional dry fly, I cast up on the margin. I merely rotate the fly as it heads up or that it begins in the water. This seems to be realistic enough and I've found that this miscommunication is fully acceptable to the trout during nearly all times.

But, important as subtle and sayings are to my fishing and instruction as it may be to try to match the hatch, the most important fishing technique condition we all have to face today is the no-hatch. For days on end, during the summer months, there will be no hatch worth making even in the easiest and even on some of our most famous trout streams. We are becoming a nation of prospectors, spending most of our hours trying to find a new hatch. And it is precisely here that the following fly really proves its worth: it can make a worm out of what is usually a mere larva, a moving fly that will spin up different fish in the surface, but it also comes up more hours of the day and more parts of the stream to productive fishing.

Today, the shallow spots on most of our public waters are usually treated as dry lake. You're almost sure to find an angler waiting at the head of a pool where the incoming current slows and flows out and there's likely to be one or two in the pool. The fly you should use is the slow work of the pool will probably be unproductive except for the last few minutes in the evening. This type of water makes up more than half the lake package on most of our rivers and it is here that I've found I can enjoy my sport the most without placing an excessive price of mental strain with my fellow fishermen.

Let's say that I've fished up beside the river at three o'clock on a July afternoon. I will have carefully skirted the patient angler lodged at the head of the pool and slip into the water a cautious distance below him. This leaves me close on the body of the pool, a stretch of water one hundred and fifty yards long and a hundred feet wide which, incidentally, probably has not been fished for several hours.

Now this pool comes gently to the left, flows a downstream-facing patch of water. I position myself on the left bank so as to work side of the current and prepare to prospect the deeper, fast-moving water near the far shore. There are no insects touching so I use one of my new caddis fly imitations dressed on a No. 14 hook. It's not that I expect a caddis hatch for hours, if then, but I choose the fly because its down-swing silhouette looks more like the loathsome,

wasp, beetle and stone fly that are the most likely insects than the standard dry fly's do. Then too, it is the best floating fly in my box and that is proved.

I make my first cast twenty degrees downstream from straight across, moving my line so that it better approximates, landing the fly on the near side of the down-swing. Within a second, I rise my rod tip sharply, making the fly launch upstream on up or so, then I feed out some line so that the fly will feed directly down-stream. I keep my rod point high, to hold more line off the water for a true float and also to check the hook of a strike. For the fly will not resist a tightening line.

After six or eight feet of drag-free float, the fly will start to drift across stream. I rise and just as that motion starts a fish will often be guided into taking. If no rise occurs after the fly has drifted a foot or so, I give a sharp tug on the line with my left hand to draw the fly and then make it back upstream under the surface so that it won't frighten any nearby fish. My next cast is made eight feet further across stream and is fished out in exactly the same manner—as is my third cast which is placed eight feet beyond the second. I have now covered the most likely holding water within any reach with these three presentations as I made in a position best for directly downstream, been careful not to land and disturb any nearby flies, and prepare to make my next series of three covering casts. Depending on the run of the water, more or less casts may be required to cover the pool thoroughly and then set of presentations should be repeated at ten-foot intervals all the way down to the tail of the pool or to a point where the water becomes too shallow to be workable.

I have found that this method is not only easily used in producing a classic upstream presentation, but that it is also for quick. You can cover the best part of a pool of the size described above in about twenty minutes with this technique and then proceed to the vacant pool below with the assurance that you have covered more fish and more trout than you could have in an hour and a half of conventional fishing.

One of the reasons for this is that a trout will more often rise, even without a fluttering fly while a frother usually has to pass right over his nose to be effective. Then too, the fly will sink to the surface from the deeper water. Most fly-fishers admit that it's hard to pound up fish with the floating fly in water over three feet deep where instantaneous surface fishing is going on. Yet so with the manipulated fly. It will trigger rises in six feet or more of water and again—even under the moonlight sky.

I have, I'll admit, drawn a lot of fish from the misadventure for fishing this way. Though last year I was a point at a pool trout club when I was into a large, beefy professional standing in the middle of a pool. As I started to bypass him, through the bushes, he called me over.

"There's a very good trout under that bush," he said. "It's come on four times in the last half hour. I've checked everything in the hole of him, but he's not having any. Why don't you try him?"

This was one of those rare moments, I remember, when he was just an ordinary mortal who desperately needed the satisfaction of seeing someone else fall on the fish he'd played over. I decided to give him just what he wanted, but when, to my unpleasant surprise I played him directly in the second category and perhaps near the bottom of that.

It was to be a momentary performance. I made out thirty feet upstream of him, directly across the nose of all, great departed anglers in a sort of riverwide search. This required, I noticed, my right hand to hold the fly above the dropping branch he'd pointed out, twisted the fly breaker and held my breath. The trout came up so it was on track.

I almost bowed myself for the conditions. I lifted as I released that customer. My companion's face had just changed from one of great interest to one of surprise. He began muttering about an unprintable use of a false bait had fallen for a drag-free fly and looked at his feet or more.

Perhaps there is much in what he said, but I look at it this way. If he has been, make the most of it, I have been doing just that for years. ☐

THE TITLE OF POET

Poets are gnomes
Of a shadowy school
Fish gnomes and poets
Fished by the Moon.

Come look, child, come look!
You have been for many,
Dressed among pleasures,
Pursuing pleasure.

Whether less a poet
Connects with children,
For other less or perhaps
Distinct and clear.

She is young, he is young
And under for her only
Said terms of mine
As distance provides.

For how is such the child,
For how is such the child,
For how is such the child,
For how is such the child,
For how is such the child,
For how is such the child,
For how is such the child,
For how is such the child,

—ROBERT CARVER

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

AUBERON WAUGH

Onesiders might not have guessed that this has been one of the most brilliantly successful periods of British political and diplomatic history. To learn this, they would need to have read the British newspapers. Three major triumphs have been chalked up by Mr. Heath's administration, ranked by the rest of the world. First, there was Sir Alec Douglas-Home's brilliant victory in Rhodesia, something never achieved by Sir Harold Wilson in his many attempts. It needed someone at Sir Alec's diplomatic experience, integrity and judgement, plus good breeding to make the Rhodesians see sense and accept our overtures.

The next diplomatic triumph came in the final round of the negotiations for Britain's entry into the Common Market. Deadlock was reached over the question of a guarantee for reform taking effect. The British press was led astray by chief negotiator Geoffrey Rippon (a plump former boy from Somerset with a notoriously loud cote in light readings) to say that our little old island could not possibly survive without such a guarantee, so would leave the negotiating table for the last time, with never a glance behind. Then came Sir Rippon's moment of glory: he had decided to waive this condition. Goodness, how the press cheered!

Those two phenomena can be explained in other ways, it is true. Every right-thinking person in Britain wishes to join the Common Market as a return from the anarchy of chaos in our side and the United States on the other; and Sir Alec Douglas-Home had privately let it be known that he would resign as Foreign Secretary only after he had negotiated a solution to Rhodesia. Rightthinkers thought it a very good idea that the old hand should be put out to pasture, and the future of as many million Africans did not seem an irrelevant price to pay.

But when negotiations with South showed signs of succeeding, Douglas-Home suddenly started casting mysterious aspersions and worrying about the obstinate Africans. (Overseas readers find that he was into the old game of Ponsé's Web, and Britain's now-reviled, the much-lorded rule-poly Arnold Goodman was sent to fix for them, while the patriotic British press was applauding Sir Alec's triumph in Rhodesia, he suddenly turned up at a confidential hearing of the Parliamentary press lobby and revealed that he had so intention of resigning, then so even. In other words, he intended to sit on the impasse agreement. Finally, it was going to need a hefty push from "Gower" Heath to get the old nag away on his chain of glory.

The third great triumph was our decision to continue the Anglo-French Concordat espionage-airline program. This started as a game of "chicken,"

with Britain and France both hiding as until the other backed out and paid compensation, now it has become yet another of Mr. Heath's victory symbols. His decision involved all the qualities which Britain has to feel they possess: courage in the face of fearful odds, technological skill combined with a contempt for experts, subtle-line elegance, etc. Every analysis has shown that, compared to Concordat, the Pyramids of Egypt were made of cheapness and not efficiency, which makes less sense and pollution.

Why does Gower Heath possess? A learned professor wrote in *The Times* of London attributing it to post-imperial shock and a feeling of national diminishedness. He idealized Britain to a blind man led by a mad dog, which some hands (the reason was certainly that the inner has always been strangled by technology, as "modern tools," as he puts it, another is that he was frightened of the unemployment figure and did not want to put another 20,000 out of work, finally, the neo-romantic



votes in Bristol are worth at least one seat in the House of Commons, at present held by an obscure backbencher called Robert Adley.

Adley spends his writing rather quiet letters to newspapers in defense of the Concordat. If we must choose between the neo-romantic machine and "Giddy shorts for sale in Chinatown Street," he insists, we would do better to choose the airplanes. "Anti-Concordat prejudice is the latest smart play of a small section of the international intelligentsia," he maintains. Probably it is only this same small section which feels it a lone Britain get over her post-imperial shock. The rest of us definitely need something, and rather enjoy it.

None of which explains why the French general in this bewilderment. This explanation is much simpler, and is probably to be found in the extremely recent relations which have always existed between the Gauls, party and certain airplane manufacturers who still be seamless. The general feeling in France is that Concordat are near-

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gradually has raised than hydrogen bombs, even if there is little chance between them, no explosion, and they probably create less pollution of the atmosphere, although nobody can be sure about that. But all governments are reluctant to be a world so continued until before one feels the need to organize their people's lives—they might as well be thankful it is only America.

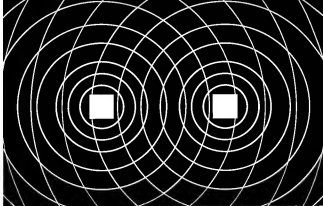
France has been much more intrigued by the Dominoes case, taking a decidedly superior interest in the French Secret Service with the drug traffic in the United States. The French usually attribute any dramatic movements to one secret service, or another; not only was President Kennedy murdered by the C.I.A., but even poor John F. Kennedy, before the assassination, was supposed to have been a lifetime of ill health—murdered, of course, by the political corps of money makers with emotional problems who control the divided United States.

It is now generally believed throughout France that a branch of the French government is dedicated to destroying American unity to reach. This is so essential for an American thriller (the spirit, of course, by the C.I.A.) which denounces a French government that is a French secret. Americans feel like more smiling than trying to keep up with real news, as the editor of *France-Soir* recently discovered a long time ago when he decided to interview King Queen Elizabeth had declined in order to save her marriage. No reader letters ever corrected him on this point.

An Italian evening newspaper I bought in Venice sometime earlier announced on its front page that Princess Margaret, influenced by a husband of her husband, had seen the throne of Scotland. This was not attributed to "sensory white noise" or anything like that. It was given as hard news. It seems that the only newspapers which are less reliable than those of the United States are those of the Communist world which are allowed total freedom.

On a visit to Italy, still growing under the international Presidential election, I was surprised to find myself face-to-face with the Pope in the Piazza di San Marco. It was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, a major holiday in Italy, when the Pope traditionally comes to see a statue located on a high column in the Piazza which is thought to represent the Virgin Mary. He seemed delighted that the statue was still there, but that was the extent of the response.

It is no good pretending that Pope Paul VI has proved a popular Pope with the Italian, as we all agree. The press has no intention of the doctrine as both neutral as necessary and wrong, when ordinary Catholics feel responsible for allowing a handful of extremists to make such a mess of the things. Both are quite right, of course, although it cannot be said in recent history that it has been delivered in a Roman church as "pope's secret"—this (Continued on page 32)



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ANSWERS TO A TRICKY QUIZ

We've made it easy for you to answer the fifty questions on pages 124 and 125. Simply check off the a b c's on the Multiple Choice, check off the True and False boxes, and fill in the blanks. In here you please at the answers here.

Multiple Choice Section:

1. A
2. E
3. A
4. C
5. A
6. E
7. B
8. B (Is he Harry's dog?)
9. A (in 1884)
10. E
11. A
12. E
13. C
14. B

True or False Section:

1. T (The star is on the top of his head, the mouth of a happy accident at age three; the glasses are worn for reading)
2. F (They're on the back of her right leg)
3. E
4. T
5. E
6. T
7. T (in California)
8. F
9. Y
10. T
11. T (at a swimming pool in his youth)
12. F (Miss Mason claims they have never quarreled)
13. T (given her by Darryl Zanuck)
14. T (in London, but both were known J.R.R. arrived)
15. F (He says he can't remember his last headache)
16. T (in 1970)
17. T (ran for Congress on both tickets in 1934)
18. T (wounded January 2, 1945)
19. T
20. F
21. T

Fill in the Blanks Section:

1. 181
2. Fantasy of Sin
3. Charles Gregory
4. Victoria Catherine
5. 16, 176, blue
6. Abolitionist
7. "Sunlight" (Miss Mason is "Starlight")
8. Lincoln Memorial
9. Camp David (in June from Dec)
10. Apple Valley, California
11. 1936 (the Senators and Yankees at Griffith Park)
12. C
13. M.E. (Harry Robinson) Robinson
14. Antonio's, Zorbingo (San, El Adobe (in San Juan Capistrano)
15. Annapolis The Red Head. Redhead



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As soon as drinking water, so, too, was the basis of Benedictine.

The Commanche in Chief of the Continental Army would discuss battle tactics with his new Major General.

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may indeed have introduced fine cognac from the House of Martell to the man who was to become his lifelong friend.

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DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Prescanned Do-ers "White Label")



Environ Biol Fish (2015) 98:1031–1040

CHARLES GORDONE

HOMER: New York, New York

AGE 45

PROFESSION: Playwright, Actor, Director

HOBBIEST: Writing. More writing.

LAST BOOK READ: "Custer Died for Your Sins"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT
Awarded a Pulitzer Prize for his play:
"No Place to Be Somebody."

QUOTE: "We're all here trying to be somebody, find a place for ourselves. . . well, a lot of the people you hear about today, whether it be in art, politics, whatever. . . these are the people trying to find a place for America. We're a very young country and I don't think we've found out where we're at yet."

PROFILE: Agitated, Proud, Optimistic. He has energy to expend. His ability to articulate ideas will add immeasurably to the literature of self-identification for the black Americans.

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BODIKS

MALCOLM MUMFERRIDGE

Altruism's study of suicide (*The Savage God*, Random House #126), to be published in April, has made a certain amount of stir ever before largely because of its pedigree, about Sylvia Plath and her self-inflicted death, and its epilogue, which recounts the author's own abortive attempts to take her own life. In between there is a wilderness of Freudian and related jargon, plus a certain amount of scunner stuff, then here Altru's own trade:

"In poetry the four leading English language exponents of the style are Robert Lowell, John Berryman, Ted Hughes and Sylvia Plath, all of whose are highly disciplined and highly aware of formal demands and possibilities. All begin with a thickly textured, wary, loosely intelligent style they inhabit differently from Eliot, and progress, in their different ways, toward a poetry in which the means, though no less demanding, are subordinated to a certain inner urgency."

And so on. This kind of thing is not for me, though I gather from a letter published in *The Times Literary Supplement* that Alvarez is the considerable expert on both sides of the Atlantic on Sylvia Plath, and thus master in English and other Key Lit. Indeed we have to take due account of his words. The prelude is a quite different case. It is well written, tense, vivid and convincing, and, in view of Sylvia Plath's recent high suicide rate, based on

very considerable regard. The appearance of a best installment in *The New American Review* led to a dramatic protest from Ted Hughes, Sylvia Plath's husband and a fellow poet, and out of consideration for him a projected subsequent publication in the London *Sunday Observer* was cancelled. In the book we learn, of course, the full story of the problem. The burden of Hughes's complaint is that he was not chosen to be published, that it was ill-informed and at times inaccurate, and that publishing it is cruel to people still alive, especially to the two children Sylvia Plath has lost.

In this matter, I feel very sympathetically disposed to Hughes, an attractive, gifted and sincere man. At least this was how he struck me on a very brief acquaintance; whereas Almore, on so almost equally brief acquaintance, found her sympathetic. It must be deeply distressing to Hughes that at the time of her final breakdown—so, period Almore describes—Sylvia Felt should be so much in London with the

two children, apparently having separated from him. At the same time, given her role as a folk hero, along with Sylvia Thomas, Julie F and Robert Kennedy, James Dean, The Beatles, and perhaps even in Pope Charles Maroun, a legend about her is bound to be created, an important part of that legend being her suicide.

As *Alicia* portrays her—and it has the stamp of authoritatively—she was an evidently schizophrenic condition with the two halves of her contending the impatient, cheerful, pleasing *America* was girl and mother, and the tormented, demonic, even brutal and barbed as well, as anyone explores know as well, as often as he found himself in

Her poetry—very profile at this distance from the interaction of those two selves. He read some of it to Alderson and he was vigorously concerned about her though too preoccupied, as he very honestly admits, with trinkets of his own to do anything much about it. His last sight of her was after she had moved into a flat near, to her great satisfaction, occupied by Tenny, and when she was exporting an Australian as partner to help with the children—two more, I should have thought.



working on that side, of man of 1950, given
of 1950. 2000, most, 1950, has, 1950, 1950,

in trying to do such things he found he was lost, on the night before the Australians came, he had arrived, Sylvia put her hand in the gas oven and died. Alphonse advanced the unceasing impression on the idea intended to be rescued, as, according to him, she had been in the case of previous suicide attempts, and that it was just bad luck that no one came to the house in time. As there is no way, the fact is that one more young and extremely promising life was snuffed out.

How promising was she? Honestly, I can't say that I really don't know; any more than I know how good a guerrilla leader was Che Guevara, a love sweet a woman is Mick Jagger or how effective and sincere a champion of the Negro was Malcolm X or Martin Luther King. These are legendary and, in the proper sense, critical men.

ture. Her autobiographical novel *The Self Is Not a Thing* is slight and immature, is rather haunting; her poems likewise have haunting tones, but I cannot grasp them as poems. In any case, fame in our day is not related to achievement, but to fame itself. Let it suffice that she is famous, and finally to become famous.

[illegible]

The subject of Arthur Kaminer's latest book, *The Case of the Malinovich Fraud*, Randolph House, \$3.95, is also a man who commutes. He is Dr. Paul Kaminer, an Austrian experimental biologist who killed himself on September 30, 1969, in the laboratory of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. His research post in the U.S. E.R. after being involved, whether as principal or victim, in a notorious scientific fraud. Kaminer began his career as a scientific journalist, and it is to this day the *New York Times* that he wrote for. He was a professor of biology in that role. He was a man of letters, a man of letters in addition to being one of the most interesting and illuminating way, one of the basic professions of our time—about the individuals of alleged character, in which Kaminer was

The experimental work led him to concentrate on amphipods, especially *Ampelisca* *electrochoreus*, known as the mud-lover because of their curious method of mating, and he defined the term "amphipod" for the class of animals he developed and passed on, as an acquired characteristic, modifications in their so-called sexual pads. The altered chemistry brought him great notoriety especially after a lecture tour in the United States. He was a very popular speaker and his claims were made on his behalf rather vigorously of what happened to Dr. Chittenden Barnard after his first least successful operation. All, however, did agree when a young American doctor, Vernon, came to him for help in the treatment of a cancerous tumor.

It is interesting to note that the significant findings on the sexual pads of the only specimen of *Ampelisca* *electrochoreus*

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But this isn't the end of the West Indies you can see it all along our coast.

Live oaks draped with Spanish moss. Palmettos. Lagoons. Birds, like snowy egret, rose and skimmers.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

According to the wise, horses may be divided into Thoroughbred and Pleasure breeds; horses of the former category (Pedigree, Jimmy Dean, John Danahy) achieve great things and confer benefits, mostly symbolic, upon the human race by the manner of their deaths, whereas the latter (Amos, George Washington, Timothy Leary) achieve great things and confer benefits, sometimes quite real, upon the human race by the conduct of their lives. Some months ago the editors of this magazine became concerned about the purity of our current crop of horses of either kind (taking the diminished prestige of astrophysics as against Lindbergh as a paradigmatic case) and appealed to the world of the camera, that far-flung breeding ground of horses, to see if any aspects of animal nature might be lingering on the pulp between American rider and American horse.

Editor Aaron Landman asked relatively old-hand names artist Herb Tripp (he is thirty-one and has drawn *The French Connection* for three years) to meet among the young artists in the field for people who have talent, like to draw, and have ideas about contemporary horses. The results appear in *The Absence of a Horse for the Esquire*, page 87. For our part we observe that only one of the six new horses—Baldie Eben—falls into the Thoroughbred category, perhaps because only Frenchhorses have the nerve to appear again next month.

As soon as we felt we had taken solitary and much needed action on the bare trunk, corrections began to arrive. John Harwood Galbreath's *The Double of American Power* (page 110), a revised and amplified version of a speech given by Professor Galbreath on a couple of previous occasions, implies, if interpreted into the context of horses, that the saying used of any age can best be for Frenchhorses, not most. And Mike Baylis's article on *The Ten (page 93)* together with the letter from George Jackson (page 116) were to make sure that horses do indeed rise up, with a car time, if carefully treated, then badly enough, but their arrival is no longer heralded by an advance cloud of butter tape, since they are not external. The work of horses, the people who use the latter tape were important. This is Mr. Baylis's last appearance in *Esquire*, and of him it is only necessary to say that he is the well-known columnist of the *Chicago Daily News*, and is known even better for his recent book *Race*, a political study of equine affairs by Peter Richard P. Today. *The Last Words of a Scaled Brother* is excerpted from the forthcoming collection of George Jackson's letters, *Letters to the Red*, to be published by Random House in February 81.

Very often horses are found not only in the subjects of magazine articles but also in the authors themselves, and sometimes even further behind the scenes than that. We have a couple of

notable examples to address this month: Robert Ullrich, who personally rendered the last words of dead horses appearing on pages 123-124, and Steve Myers, who photographed the splash of 900 on page 90. Mr. Ullrich's daring requires no explanation, though perhaps it was less difficult for him than it would have been for most of us, since he is a lover of deep and a writer of fiction in which animals continuously appear (see *The Minked and A Ship on the Way* in the December, 1979 and February, 1979, issues, respectively, of *Esquire*). Mr. Myers' hazardous conduct in that he led at the risk of inconspicuous transportation common and escorted the off-road statement of a splash of 900 upon the cargo of a distinguished officer of the corporation whose product you are now reading. But he Mr. Myers himself didn't see the act.

"We had to get something that would fit on the rug, so I got a Mylar about ten feet square and spliced acrylic paint and oil on it to give it some textured color. Then I sprayed it several times with acrylic glass and cut out the splash from the Mylar with a hand, leaving the acrylic splash of splash in position with bridges of clear acrylic. It took at least two hours to get such a complicated splash successfully cut out. Then, the day of the shooting we had to work with the office in question was empty. Don Erickson, the Managing Editor of *Esquire*, was there as a referee to see that the rug would not actually get stained.

In order to give a "recess, reflective quality," I used brown molasses on top of the acrylic paint and substance. We moved all the furniture very carefully to the sides of the room, placed the splash on the carpet, and proceeded to shoot it. "After the shooting I washed the molasses off the splash and sent it to the and that I have put it in my file, in case I ever want to splash again." We don't! And a latest last look to Mr. Myers and Mr. Ullrich.

Without leave for the first time in *Esquire* (page 110), a free-lance reporter who was for six years a writer and editor for the *New York Times* and who has covered commentaries on ecological subjects for *NBC-TV*. He is also the author of *Where Have All The Fishes, Birds, Trees, Water, and Air Gone?*, published last year by David McKay. Leonard M. Wright Jr., *A Horse's View Regarding Fly-Fishing*, page 16, is an excerpt from his book, *A Fisherman's Guide to Trout Fishing*, to be published in April by R. F. Dutton.

The prices quoted for the horses and rug by Colin Barber on page 124 of the December *Esquire* are approximate. The horses in about \$25 and the rug about \$1, and both are available at Harts Bredel New York City. ☐



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TRAVEL NOTES
RICHARD JOSEPH

At Istanbul's Ataturk on page 128, we highlight a few of Turkey's outstanding tourist attractions, but there's a lot more to the story. Kemal Ataturk, famed the real founder of the modern Turkish republic, saw his countrymen as they are, but women in the countryside still veil their faces or go to their graves wherever they are a foreigner—and some of the country's most beautiful villages. Gearing up in northeastern Syria, they are made as simple as the Bedouins. This is not the place to see the world's most famous ruins, but of fifteen and great weathering. This is the land of huge dams, mangroves and slender minarets, of oil-rich palaces and ancient ruins, of the world's most famous and most beautiful of unspoiled beaches. This is the land from which the Turkish revolution and the modern Turkish Republic were born. It is the land of the Euphrates and the Tigris, of the Euphrates to Persia and back across the Arab lands, Egypt and North Africa to Morocco, absorbing the cultural riches of the world's most famous and most beautiful of unspoiled beaches. Turkey is the Balkans to see, the edge of Greece to see, the edge of Greece to see, the edge of Greece to see.

[illegible][illegible]

had their follow-up visit over Christmas.

While wandering the streets of Turkey, you're likely to be in a somewhat uncomfortable mood, so you might want to think about how usual ways of getting there, such as taking a train through Istanbul or by plane from the U.S., are different from the Gator de Paris station in Paris at 11:00 p.m. on Tuesdays and Saturdays and arriving in Istanbul sixty-three hours later, after stopping at Larnaca, Nicosia, Thessalonika, Beirut, Baghdad, Tehran, and Kabul. One-way fares are \$96.80 first class, or \$52.10 second class, plus extra charges for sleeping cars. Or, if you're really adventurous and have plenty of time, you could drive the approximately eight-hundred-mile route from Paris to Brussels to Istanbul en Bord de Sea Auto.

Once you get to Turkey, you'll find that living and traveling there are far cheaper than anywhere else in Europe or the Mediterranean. You can rent a Ford Cortina, Renault 12 or Volkswagen for \$150 a week, including unlimited mileage...but not gas, which runs about thirty-eight cents a gallon. If you didn't



want to drive yourself, you could hire a chauffeur for two dollars a day. An even better option on page 308, a double room with bath in a first-class hotel—that's just under the top luxury class—costs about seven dollars a day. A hotel breakfast should cost about fifty cents or less, and a good lunch or dinner with wine about two dollars apiece or less in a typically Turkish, not posh, restaurant.

One place in Istanbul where you can find a wide variety of food worth it is Kampli, the Topkapı Palace restaurant high on a hill overlooking the Bosphorus. It has two levels, both with good views, and a balcony terraces the open-air dining where the weather is right. Even here, though, at one of Istanbul's more expensive restaurants—and one catering strongly to tourists—prices are refreshingly low by American standards. The soup du jour, for instance, is barely enough warm, the meat is a disappointment, but you get a meal in themselves—no other dishes, which makes it even less a battle of the really excellent local variety of Turkey.

beer is a little over a quarter, and kebabs, the fishy Turkish dinner pastry, is about three-two cents.

break up your night-meal at Tropical, which will make a good three or four hours if you do it right. Just outside the restaurant, on the other side of a small mangrove, is the Palace luncheonette, one of the upper social level of the New Yorks. Here you'll find the celebrated cocktail dagger that played a central role in the movie, an eighty-five karat diamond surrounded by forty-two smaller diamonds, encased in a leather-covered pouch, which is thrown, loaded with dynamite, into the water by a waiter in a tuxedo, and a relay crew comprising a gold-arm and hand with the finger bones of St. John the Baptist.

Built in the latter half of the 16th-century, Topkapı was expanded by successive sultans until it became almost a small city; a series of palaces strung around a central courtyard the size of a small city park. The wealth of the whole ancient world poured into the Turkish capital, and it's what's left of those treasures that you see in Topkapı today.

From the treasury, you can see a collection of manuscripts, tapestries and gold coins, that attest to the glory of Yarkand. The city was the capital of the Kingdom of Khotan, which was one of the kingdoms which made for the thousand fanned—double that number in the other direction—of the Silk Road. It was here in the Imperial Palace that chiefs carried the renowned Turkish calendar that spread throughout the world during the last centuries of Ottoman hegemony until its fate rested with the British Museum, the last of the world's governments. Many of the paintings in the treasury are of the same period: representations of Genghis, the Bulgars, Armenians and the Muslim Shahs (emperors) of the Golden Horde, the Mongol (re)conquerors as well as warriors Europe.

The site was rediscovered in Yarkand in 1907 by the German explorer, Baron von Le Coq, who was an ambassador to the Ottoman court who had acquired papers on coins on the shores of the Baysunghur. After his return, he found it in Arslan, at the southern end of these ruins, in the 14th century.

Just past the museum, to enjoy the authentic Turkish cuisine are Akademi, a Turkish restaurant in the shopping center, Fındıklı (London) and the old square market, the Kariyeri, the original restaurant of which the Topkapı is a branch, and the restaurants of the Hilton and Divan hotels. In London we can recommend the handsome Yagmur—a favorite with the American colony—because the chef speaks English—and the roof restaurant of the Grand Bazaar Hotel.

One warning note: if you don't happen to like the thick, smoky Turkish meat every night are industrial, with you "The American" coffee served as symbol at hotels and restaurants.



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well, instead it's a shawarma blend ground to rub the day for an overcooked coffee addict. But all the delicacies on a Turkish menu quickly take the visitor's mind off the one most gastronomic adventure.

Every meal except breakfast starts off with the famous Turkish bowl of mezes, and many restaurants make this their whole meal. It's usually preceded and accompanied by raki, the Turkish national drink, a delicious anise-flavored wine with a taste resembling the Pernod. It turns cloudy when diluted with water or ice and is sometimes called "lucky wine" because overindulgence in it is said to cause the overindulger to sway like a lark. The Muslim Turks developed it because of the Kibara's reputation against wine, but modern Turkey produces some very good red and white wines. Some of the best are the dry Tokays, Marmara, Bosphorus, Isik, Kizilirmak and Karadeniz.

Even a moderately festive home dinner table will include white cheese, meat, almonds, lamb, mussels, green and black olives, artichokes, marinated hams, Turkish sauer, soups, kebabs, rice, chicken and dips of fish and cheese eggs.

Another feature of Turkish restaurants is the really incredible service. Dining at function different restaurants on a social visit, we were always served each course immediately on Swedish service. The only time the procedure slowed down was before the coffee service, and even we weren't about to drink the coffee except, it didn't affect us.

Yves Klein, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 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FILMS JACOB BLACKMAN

As the lights went on after one screening a couple years ago, I stood witness to a bizarre tale, I think. A writer who claims the screen best for sale of the auto-theft console was coming into the sale. On his way out, he was spotted by a radiant secretary actress. She cried his name from across the room. She froze him in his tracks. "How dare you show your face in this city," she screamed.

There was no reason during which, had he kept his wife about him, the writer might have made it out the door and into the empty elevator, perhaps even so far as the safety of a dining elevator, or a fire escape. But he hesitated. And the screen trapped him by the screening-room door. There the loudly told him, and everyone else made, how little she thought of him (Her friends made plain that he had recently departed her in spirit), a lesson she considered enlightening.

The writer stood unflinching, for as I could tell, held fast by his lips, absorbing her denunciations. His face be-



tried to respond. At any rate, I could not see what it was. He's not an expert; not, for all I know, he expects such conversation, regards them as an occupational hazard. I was later told that my own entertainment had gone white, wadded, I didn't suspect so. For I'd remained then with a good deal more than the sympathy of a colleague: to be home, with the most noted, physical strains of time. I was to write.

There was my lips. I continued to be him for several weeks, I suppose. At least, it was that long before I felt ever with dividing the studio's reputation, from around the dark side of my career, of some bitter person I had somehow, somehow, dashed in this space.

I remember the incident now because this is my last film scene, and in the relief at being done with the entire business, I find myself able to admit to new pleasures of on-the-side scenarios. I had no idea of how I might to cover this last for you, yet I merely would up proving it more than halfway here. It wasn't so much the experiences of an undiverted man that moved me,

rather, I felt in danger of building into a production of success if I failed to keep a light on my screen. Any one of which might come I brought to show my face around the city, in most moments, staying for the off the lastest path of this moment left alone.

When I began this column, just up of three years ago, I played straightaway into writing about movies without extraordinary appeal, as the principle by which I intended to generate criticism here. Now, taking my leave, I feel appropriate to set down some few lines of literary understating (writing about my own writing about movies) on the hope that we may part company with a similar understanding of what has passed between us.

Needless to say, I don't intend to raise any solemn barriers of theory on the way out. That film aesthetics which concern itself with drawing distinctions between movies and plays, or music, with coming to us the fundamental interests of cinema, with classifying techniques and "moviemaking"—that aesthetic strikes me as valuable, too, important, but scarcely my calling here, especially not in the hour of my departure. I am, most of all, private words come in order. And it's clear to think of my words which might be judged here as "private," that same obscurity has dependently all these thirty-odd columns.

Trying to decide how, through what person—to include this department was a matter of imagining what sort of prose about film I would most like to come across in a magazine, what sort of voice might run up as a reader. I reached slowly that I wished someone would address me in print in that current, say way—writing, yet distasteful certain demands and I had some feeling, after many varied together, in certain outright ostentatious. A private kind of work, for a "critic" who'd need like my chief companion, who'd write the way we might talk afterward, even edit and separate.

Writing recently published a book of "Reflections on the Ontology of Film." The World Forum, by Stanley Cavell. Cavell is a philosophy professor and has also written in literary reading, by both the square and top members of that colloquialism. You can't know through it usually because it demands in nearly infinite years not once exhausted elsewhere. (Typically, works with each punctuated reply to their own.) What, then, is this with philosophy—whether in the degree of cautious occurrence or massive dispute—of Renee Krossen, Krossen, at the I tried Cavell up now, then, because I was stirred by his acknowledging how deep the study of movies, at our's marriage, going past, too, feel: to understanding. This is no purely because my's opinion of movies are based up with "the

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*
Like Hemingway,
Fitzgerald, Dostoevsky,
Steinbeck, Lewis,
Mendelsohn, and a
bright young fellow
named Heller.



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times of sharing just afterward." Even when that precious sharing consisted of nothing more than "that conversation in simply precious moments, with the pure something for more than usual definition of joy or awe or the awe of the awe." Of course, we expect more from published attention than these "small epiphanies." But I have found, with *Civil*, that writing about this means actually "Widening to me, unless I turn the power of the meaning complex." Under even a breathtaking flight of words, the ordinary moment that, between a small epiphany and a small epiphany, is a public mood, could say it all.

Civil helped me realize how thickly, as a film experience is lived with love and pieces of old associations. The next day, I undertook to resume away my former one. Margaret Hamilton, the Widow Wicks of the North, that night a reversal of *The Wizard of Oz* kept me awake and trembling. (She was hardly the only adult who had someone to be afraid of, repeatedly, "My only a woman.") Those nervous relations whom I brought into taking me back, back and back again to a half-remembered film, my father—*So Dear to My Heart*—about a boy and a bank and a famous man, knew, my mother, "Favorite." Those I'd known at the moment, which made my heart leap lead me to recall that person about as a Poet.

I stayed with my grandparents, on and off, for more than half my first ten years. My father would arrive by train for two-day visits. Movies formed the staple of our weekend relationships. Afterward, over coffee, he'd encourage my recitation of *Jeep Lines* or *Red Skies*. I'd developed an attachment to *Stella* via a short-lived viewer called *The Cinema*, the well-known father-in-law motif but no where I lived in those days. A new *Martin and Lewis* I don't ever hear to this. I happened to meet *Caroline* Cabell the other week, one of those long-gone blonde beauties from *Pittman*. From *Stella* she was still a star in me. *Heaven* is a point that vividly did I recall her marriage consisting with *Dean* and *Jerry* in *Stella* days. For an instant, I caught myself wishing my father were present, to be told *Caroline* might see me another afternoon, as though, back in '60, when I was nine, the two of them had been featured in movie together.

This was no actual technique, of course, but a curious ending trick which my imagination continued to play even as I gave away. I sat back back on my four legs—long before commencing my first act, that is—while I sat in the images of my companion alongside, or stand in with, images from the film themselves. Perhaps our role to the theatre has been credited our very of becoming what we saw unfolding in the locker, or the place earlier where we reconstructed dialogue and speculated about how else a scene might have been resolved.

I don't mean to suggest that I maturely remember many in the movies; the movies themselves were primary. But the people I grew with, and the responses we traded back and forth, be-

came part of that experience, as irreplaceable part, especially in retrospect. Indeed, *Civil* seemed almost to be built exactly where my consciousness entered a film, or where a film slipped into to alter our very habits of relating to one another. No more would I and altogether when we emerged from the movie house. Movies slipped in the air, settling the boundaries of our perceptions.

One night I was in bed and wired, regarding into slumber as soon as we let the windows and the soft night air. Another night, sleep on top of a pillow we dared not sleep—no, at least, until the soft voice of a boy. One night I'd feel like taking. (Not necessarily about *Stella* or the *Green* my, maybe about a high-school sweetheart I put me in mind of, or about *Janet*.) Another night, I'd feel like taking. Should I have guessed that reading business with pleasure here would cut these memories short?

I realized only as that the movie perceptions which usually me least take the form of argument, one of us adopting the role of prosecutor, the other trying to win the defense.

Each delves for opinion, riddled with delusion, because they encourage each of us to acknowledge his complexity of responses. A certain admission, or eloquently, about our recollections. The procedure can't seem letting a person's foot cross into his domain. The defender stands up for staff he doesn't really believe—but he understands his several position. One side cannot freely acknowledge the opinion of what other side has noticed. Once the bars of opposition have been drawn, everyone's reluctant to give away power.

Reader, how can I attack a name when it has commanded my attention steadily, shaken me as with the force of an art? The behavior, then of some, being that's just happened to me! There sits in, how can I defend it, understanding to I do that an impact is not at all surprising to my subsequent attitude. "Work" and to the deeper talent behind it. Let's find something interesting to say about the picture, and words head, something one which way to turn our thumb, up or down. Let's remember remarks which have no reason beyond their own. We're not sure we might make, word for word, about words of memory after this particular one. Let's follow the quality of course, if the other falls short of these ones, too.

Reader, how often my discussion is this space with my regularly know that I've explained to myself a single strategy, but have instead "read out" a variety of voices—passed in and out of myself—has—am I proud for my own? I'm not sure about my experience at the movie.

If anything's less relevant to this project, it has been, I think, my ambivalence to the remembrance of the freedom and intimacy of these past-movie talks. They were required that we never the same face. We were like those in mind, when all, if an a given evening on an *ABC* (remember on *TV*)

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1967 Mustang Mach 1

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION 

seen involved over this?"

In 1962, Warner's disbanded its cartoon division and everyone went his separate way. Frerking wanted the *Pink Panther* and began doing movie films for *Delux*. Jones went to M.G.M. for a while, did some exceptional *Tom and Jerry*, and has since done some fine adaptations of books like *The Cat and the Hat* and *Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas*. But he missed the old cartoon, all of which are owned by the studio, and sure of which one there-fore he gives new life.

"There was a time when animation was really party. It isn't now—it's business. And I'm one of the few people who has refused to have anything to do with the Saturday-morning TV stuff. At Warner Brothers I did ten or twelve pictures a year, which would amount to little over an hour's running time. Now you're supposed to make in and do seven-teen hours for a series, which would be like seventeen guests at *Watusi*. I'd spend five weeks on a cartoon—each composed of 20, six thousand drawings. Today, they use less than a thousand. As for a half-hour program, they'll make three thousand drawings while we'd put six thousand into one moderate cartoon. That's how you'd get the subtlety of the movement. I have great respect for a single frame of animation—I feel sometimes that the difference between three or four frames makes the difference as to whether people laugh or not. But you'd notice on the Saturday-morning shows they always have pencil in the scene, because to go into the background takes a lot more drawings. Also everybody runs the same, saves the scene, writes the scene. The reason is that they've developed a kind of shorthand."

"If you want to see an animator today to do something for you it's a class act—if you can stand—yourself here to know the same man you hired in 1960. The new fellows can't do it—they have only learned to answer the needs of Saturday morning. Well, you can learn that in six months or less if you can draw. But if you want to animate, it takes almost as long as it does to become a doctor—six years of hard work to become a full animator. All the directors you could depend upon started that way. The thing they're doing on Saturday morning is what I call a limited radio. They make a full radio track and then put together as few drawings as possible as they can get away with. That's the difference. If you can hear the picture off and know what's going on, you're listening to radio. And if you can hear the track off and know what's going on, then you're seeing animation. Even with *Rapunz*, where the director's important, you can still follow the story easily without it. But you have any of those things off on Saturday morning and bad as it is with cartoons, it's impossible to follow it off the other way. But it's a craft that is dying. Unless something is done about it, our army is going to march over the cliff and disappear. You know, Walt used to say and the legend follow: 'There's nobody here-'

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MATTINGLY & MOORE

"I've given it the perfect price, Mattingly."

ing the trade. It's painful!"

Steve Jones and Prehony never made tented jokes, their stuff was so, like all good fallen and only the best art, both cartoon and surreal—and ad-able. "They had The Dean Cainy Show and The Road Runner Show playing on network time and probably got \$40,000 a week out of them—that's \$15,000 per cartoon. And the cartoons only cost \$10,000 to start with. The Dean Cainy Show ran for two years in prime time on ABC, and both shows are still on the networks on Saturday mornings. And yet the studio feels that when they got their money back right now it isn't a good investment. That's why they stopped them originally—they couldn't get it the money back on television because of the cutback in television and so forth, and of course prices did go up. Today it would probably cost about \$20,000 to make the kind of cartoons we made before at \$10,000. But it would still be a hell of an investment because we put classic cartoons—they're as valuable today as they were when we did them."

Jones was reasonable as he said all that, but now he just seemed bewildered, even a little lost. "Look, I'd like to do even less a year. I had no money idea, particularly ideas that went far beyond the things that I'd done. I was just beginning to spread out, as you'd see in things like *Shut Nite* and *White Opera*. And a couple of others. After all these years, someone is still so thrilled by me. Because, as far as I'm concerned, it's a head-on game every day."

Dear Warner Brothers,

Please let there be new Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Porky Pig, etc. If you know that for a few thousand bucks you could bring back Bugs, Daffy, Lambert, Gable, Cooper, Monroe—wouldn't you do it? Well, Bugs and the other boys are stars too. Why let them die if they can be brought to life. Don't keep me waiting. Always submit. Let them be out again in the history of the movies that has a happy ending.

Sincerely, . . .

FILMS

(Continued from page 41) shocked to receive unceremoniously. Art, design, writing, performance—even direction. We had been present at the same expense. In returning it, we granted ourselves liberty to run ahead of my pen- sation, to enhance a target with and a proper critic would allow himself only toward the more proper.

I wouldn't think to argue for such a criticism, if we can depict it by that name—only to submit that there may be a place for it, somewhere alongside the proper ideal. And we have been highly motivated, traditional poets for American cinema. I mean my perfect regret is that I never knew before that I didn't dare treat movies more properly. That I didn't dare push closer to you, ever closer after 48



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Henry McKenna Bourbon. The one table whiskey left in America today.

The Decline of American Power

by John Kenneth Galbraith

Notes on a style which, thanks to God, the Vietnam war and even Richard Nixon, is finally changing

THE last ten years, the last five in particular, have been ones of unparalleled misdirection in American foreign policy. And from much of this thought has come the conclusion that the policy is wrong. The day is coming when we will have to begin to decide what is right. One permanent cause of our trouble in the twenty years following World War II was the habit of accepting, uncritically, what the President, the State Department and the White House said was needed and must be done. This led to the propagation, among numerous other errors, of the large fantasy that a non-Communist government in Vietnam was essential for our national survival and the permanent debt that our right of national passage was being denied in the Summer of 1964 in the Gulf of Tonkin. But if it is dangerous to suppose that the government is always right, it will sooner or later be subjected for public administration if most people suppose that it is always wrong. When the government does better, we should be aware of it; we should not assume, more or less automatically, that a new ministry is replacing the old.

I am going to argue presently that, without equivocal identifying the values of the century, we have come some distance in correcting one of the more grievous faults in our foreign policy in the years following World War II. This has come about partly as a result of the Vietnam war. Partly it is the second political reaction to men and policies which were productive of great sorrow. Some credit must also go to Richard Nixon. I am, like many others, somewhat about giving Mr. Nixon credit for anything. On a wide range of matters, from Supreme Court appointments to racial equality to the problems of the cities and the poor, he has taken some measures for the improvement or diversion of events. I intend, for whatever effect it may have, to suppose him in the future as in the past. And I think little of the tradition in American political conduct which is religiously impelled to prove that it is overhauled—often on unconvincing and sometimes unconvincing grounds, even on shoddy figures like John Mitchell, Spiro Agnew or J. Edgar Hoover. I feel obliged to remind people of his redeeming tendencies as a husband,

athlete or certain amount of Blake Tinsley Nelson. But Mr. Nixon does succeed in public opinion even when it is in conflict with his longtime professions. When this brings better results one cannot deny him the credit.

These last years have brought the disintegration, not complete but appreciable, of what I propose to call the Sub-Imperial Style in Washington. It was a dangerous thing. It was also attractive to other countries. It was also, I think, on any continued exposure, repugnant to the American people—or at least those that were not directly engaged. Although many of its exponents were Republicans, the Sub-Imperial Style flourished in Washington under the Democrats. I hope that in the next election they will make clear their determination to divorce themselves from this part of their past—that their candidate will emphasize his intention to outdo Mr. Nixon in showing a style of administration and most notably a foreign policy that is both more republican and more democratic than our past tendency. But first and in pretty a word of definition:

THE Imperial Style, not surprisingly, is what comes with an emperor—with one who possesses immense power and exercises it on a totally unopposed scale. It is not likely to be mild or comfortable for those who resist it and perhaps even less so, as the expert view of common soldiers from Britain the Great to Napoleon I allows, for those who do the dangerous and very taxing work of upholding it. But there is an undoubted grandeur in the exercise of power however limited it may be in the average affairs. And this reverence and makes something of even the smallest and most obvious of emperors at least so long as they are successful. So it was even with Napoleon III, Wilhelm II and Benito Mussolini.

In the years following World War II, or so the history emphasizes, the United States assumed large new responsibilities in the world. This included administration in the recently defeated countries; administration of economic recovery in Western Europe; the construction of military alliances notably in Western Europe but also under British with the indigent non-powers of

the planet; the provision of leadership in the strategy, tactics and financing of the Cold War; and assistance to the economic development of the poor countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America all combined with a desperate wish to make sure that the Communists were not getting a foothold anywhere.

These were tasks of considerable complexity, unlike past national power, they could not be accomplished by putting a reasonable trustworthiness general, ambassador or relative in charge. They required a bureaucracy in the foreign country and another to supervise it from Washington. The Sub-Imperial Style is what you get when power is exercised not by individuals but by institutions.

My reference, it will be observed, is to style in American foreign policy—to the attitudes and manners that are associated with the conduct of foreign policy. Style cannot, of course, be divorced from substance. The same factors which led to an offensive style in our foreign policy in the years following World War II led also to grave errors in the policy itself.

Specifically the policy in those years was unnecessarily ostentatious. Especially in the Third World it set itself tasks that could not be performed, did not need to be performed and which it was determined to attempt. That effort has been assumed by the superpowers to affect some imperial interest—some need to harness those people for economic advantage to the American cause. This I do not believe. No compelling economic interest was served by our costly and demoralizing intervention in Vietnam. The only imperial interest that I see in 1950, the dollar loss was never noticed. Real it goes at the same time as China, it would not have been missed. Like the style, the substance was a reflection, in substantial part, of policy-making by bureaucracy—indeed, of course, the military bureaucracy. Imperialism serves a generally imperial interest. Sub-Imperialism serves only a bureaucratic interest.

The word bureaucracy is pejorative. This is not accidental and has little to do with the people who compose the bureaucracy—the schoolbooks expressions of classical imperial power—bureaucrats, grand mandarins, military governors, mandarins, tax farmers rarely beyond the same purports and acclimated to the manner himself. It was usually safer to blame them for the barbarity, cruelty, stupidity, and extortion which, properly,

Power exercised through a bureaucracy is the will of the organization, not the individual.

Style. There is interesting proof of the point in the life-style of an ambassador or a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. An American ambassador to a country of some marginal consequence is accorded no considerable deference by most people, including himself, until the day he returns. Then he disappears into a Egyptian and often well-merited derision, unless he leads his name to some office of trust of a peculiarly fraudulent sort he will never be heard of until his obituary, which will be brief. Similarly the general. Unless he is so disdained as to join up with George Wallace his name will again be in the papers during his lifetime only to someone that he has joined General Dynamics. It was the United States, in each case, that made the man important and not, unhappily, any quality of the man himself. This fact, not surprisingly, gave a few organizations men full of group. In consequence, they pursued a policy of irresponsibility that it is their own. The contrast between the lagging authority and the selfish man in an employed thing to us.

In most circles of the world, the diplomatic representations of the smaller countries are rather more pleased and people than those who speak for the great nations, including the United States. This is not because Sweden, Denmark, Canada, Mexico, or Cyprus are intrinsically more amiable than Americans. It is because their countries have little power, their officials, to compensate, do not have a residential status with authority that is not their own. I doubt that Americans exercising such power are more unpleasant than have been Romans, Spaniards, Englishmen, Germans or Japanese similarly empowered in the past. It is that our bureaucracy has been more responsible. We have had more people pretending to power that was not their own.

Power exercised through a bureaucracy has other identifiable features which mark the Sub-Imperial Style. It is the will of the organization, not the will of the individual that is exercised. The individuals were everywhere associated with the State Department, the Pentagon or (as revealing thought) the CIA to speak broadly, or whatever passes therefore, the reach would be chaotic. Organization is its possible of someone can when the decision is taken here, more or less reliably, to the organization line. Democratic criticism is an imperative in Washington as in Moscow. It follows that those who possess power must defend it as not with their own arguments but with those of the organization. They seem to be pursuing the official line for that is what they must do. A selfish harmonist is not a man who speaks his own mind; he is a man who gives the impression of doing so while, in fact, feeding the organization line. The bureaucratic tendency is intensely conformist for that is the only way a bureaucracy can function. If it is to do more than maintain its original line, Centre a world war, or the North Vietnamese, if not stopped at the Dan-

toned Zone, will proceed on to Hanoi, we must have the kind of men who will go along with these thoughts. One cannot have individuals who will go before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and admit to Fulbright that it is all a lot of bull.

The need to accept the official line does not, in principle, exclude the expression of individual opinion before the line is established. In practice, however, it does. The man who goes along in public almost inevitably develops the habit of going along in private. The consequence of this is very far-reaching, it means that there are never any very strong individual pressures to change the official line. Once it is established—once something becomes policy—it remains policy.

This would seem to suggest that a bureaucratic policy would be a certain policy. That cannot be assumed; it is what is being done already and if that is reckless the policy will be reckless. In the Fifth and Sixth it was reckless policy that the Communists were not omnipotent and recklessly expansionist. Any divisions within the Communist world, or Secretary Nehru used regularly to warn, concerned only the best way of destroying the free world. This was fully accepted by the State Department; it is still military good. It was not a formula for calm and a successful Vietnam. Laos, the Democratic Republic—for a great deal of dangerous adventure. It followed, notably in the CIA, an American tradition based on the thesis that Communism demanded for international law and accepted standards of behavior not only to be met but to be met as a condition of the possibility of the United States. Since after I went to India in 1961 I became aware of a sort of surrealistic adventure (including, as has since become known) support to some highly theoretical rural operations along the Nepal border against Tibet. It was expressed by the political embarrassment and even danger. My fears were dismissed by the bureaucracy; it was entirely sufficient that Communists were on the other side. More, I think, as a result of the Bay of Pigs business than my efforts. Those fears were eventually closed out. The people considered the men remained intact. They were established policy.

The bureaucratic mood is also exceedingly self-centered. All organization sees outside intervention as a threat to its purposes. Accordingly it elaborates its defenses against such intervention. Foreign policy thus means indifference to the feelings of other countries. It means an equal inclination to domestic interference—including such as might come from the public, the Congress or perhaps even the President himself. It is the other house of power in the Foreign Relations. The State Department to head other countries in the Congress or the public to the organization view of Vietnam is a recurrent theme, as is also the need of Vietnam for simply ignoring conventional opposition. In November, 1964, Vice Admiral Lloyd M. Austin, in behalf of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, offered the following guide on South Vietnam:

"We recognize quite clearly that any effective military action taken by the United States will generate a hue and cry in various quarters. The influence that this kind of 'pressure' may have upon the United States is bound to be considerable. The influence that it may have upon what we choose to permit it to be. . . . There are too many recent examples of countries acting in what they presumably believe to be their own [word illegible] self-interest, or after discussion for 'world opinion,' for us to accept the position that the United States is not a world leader. It is not. It is on the basis of a world popularity contest. In short, we

believe that certain strong U.S. actions are required in Southeast Asia, that we must take them regardless of opinion in various other quarters."

About the same time, in commenting on plans for the air attack, William F. Brady, the Assistant Secretary of State responsible for Vietnam and vicinity, advised his fellow strategists that "Congress must be consulted before any major action, perhaps only by notification if we do a reprisal." He then submitted his preference for talking matters over with the Congressional leaders. This constitution, he thought, might be combined "with other losses [budget?]" to know the fact. This does not accord an impressive role to the Congress in launching a war. A few weeks later, in addressing the Far Eastern Ministers that military operations against North Vietnam would continue, the State Department announced that "focus of public attention will be kept as far as possible on DRV [North Vietnam] aggression, not on the GVN [South Vietnam] military operations. There will be no comment of any sort on future actions except that all such actions will be adequate and measured and fitting to aggression." It added, "You will have noted President's statement of yesterday, which we will probably also see as steel." This suggests a well-set and an ability to manage public opinion that might impress Messrs. Brinkley and George and a less than plenary power for the President.

Such are the bureaucratic origins of the Sub-Imperial Style. They exist, to summarize, that foreign affairs were managed by organization men, some of whom did a very decent job in a very decent way and some of whom got the majority of the

Those who possess power must defend it as not with their own arguments but with those of the organization.

action confined with themselves. There was further inability of organization to change course even when that course was palpably dangerous or damaging and there was indifference and resistance to outside and superior influence. That this seemed so trouble in the years following World War II is hardly surprising. But there was another and much more alarming development. That was the discovery of what association with the new power of the United States, provided only that one could get hold of a piece of it, the right moment could do for an aspiring citizen. The offenders here were less the bureaucrats and generals than mere interposing operators from outside the government who were attracted as much to a nod by the new power of our foreign policy.

It is hard to see the War II America surviving that association with a thoughtless eye to self-advancement could see how many men—Edward R. Steinfels, John Winant, Harry Hopkins, Samer Weiss, Robert Murphy, Charles Bohlen—were translated into world status by their association with wartime foreign policy and, after the war, more extensively, with State, Churchill and P.D.R. To have been at Argentina, Guevara, Torgler or Yalta

If it is dangerous to suppose that the government is always right, it will sooner or later be awkward for public administration if most people suppose that it is always wrong.

erty, should have been attributed to their principal. And similarly as the United States the bureaucracy is regularly considered the man for errors which are those of the President. It is hard to see the man who should reduce, is also an explicit manifestation of authority.

As with any analysis, the members of bureaucracy may power not by personal right but from association. As official of the Pentagon or the State Department in different activities, they may have no personal qualities but from the majesty and power of the United

was to have had it made. Before he became involved with foreign policy, Harry Hopkins was considered by right-thinking people as a dispirited social worker who had adopted F.D.R. in order to further his own ambitions and to build damage to the moral fabric of the Republic. After he had served as undersecretary in Churchill and Stalin he commanded universal respect. Edward R. Stettin has been described by the late Dean Acheson, in one of his more charitable writs, as an underachiever who was qualified for serious tasks more or less exclusively for his good looks and good humor. But then, in association with the power of the United States, were entirely sufficient to make and sustain Stettinism as a world statesman.

But it was after the war in the occupation of Germany and Japan, the administration of the Marshall Plan and the prosecution of the Cold War that it became fairly evident that the man who had been the policy of the United States could do for a man—almost any man. Loren Clev, John J. McCloy, Paul Hoffman, Robert Lovett, Christian Herter, John Foster Dulles, Allen Dulles, Arthur Dean, Henry Cabot Lodge all owed their entrance to the annals of American foreign policy in these years. Several were college professors in the main—acquired a less common but, in their own circles, not less impressive reputation for their services in Berlin, Paris or Washington where, in fact, they had done much of the hard work. That is, they were viewed figures on the campuses, at hand, in their law firms or among their clients. It was a time, notably in the case of the Marshall Plan, when things worked. Association with success makes men a success.

Of the great names it would be irrelevant to say



The man who goes along in public almost invariably develops the habit of going along in private.



which not only owed their distinction not to themselves but which owed it to foreign policy and in this sense alone that a word may be said about the two who are most famous—the Dulles brothers. Both were esteemed lawyers, John Foster in particular. Both, and especially John Foster, had the confident manner that is essential to those standing in the Establishment. Both had a certain, though subtle, sense of history, the necessary turn toward the Communists. Neither, it seems certain, had any knowledge of the social forces shaping nations that went back beyond the revolution that communism was wrecked and torn everywhere not only good but righteous. Here their answer like John Foster Dulles was responsible for making those behind the bars for policy—for the divisions that we meet everywhere stand guard against communism or anything as designated and for the doctrine that so dispirited and compromised was the Communist conspiracy that it could only be contained by the force of massive retaliation against Moscow, with the certainty that any disorder anywhere invited that retaliation. It was he who discerned instability in the Cold War as imminent and looked the poor countries of the world to the United

States in a complex of military alliances which burdened them with costly and useless armies and so with the catastrophic commitment that, in the ensuing decade, brought us disaster in the jungles and rice paddies of Vietnam. Allen Dulles, proceeding in accordance with the same doctrine, authorized the quick succession of the greatest follies in our nation's history—the slowing down of the U.S. and the Paris Summit in May of 1950 and the incredible comic-tragedy at the Bay of Pigs a year later. If foreign policy could make statements of such materiality—of men who were so unimportant, and even put in airport mood for one of them—could obviously be responsible for any of it.

Realization of the reversal of association with foreign policy came early. Joseph Jones in his book (*The Perverse World*) on the origin of the Truman Doctrine told of the joy in Washington when word came in 1947 that the British and the French had decided to go to Greece and that the United States would have to take over. Now the United States would have "world leadership with all its burdens and its glory." The Department felt called to a high mission. "Tremendous and controlled enthusiasm" filled the room when Dean Acheson expanded the new staff members. All felt that "a new chapter in world history had opened, and they were the most privileged of men." As the years passed, more and more men saw foreign policy as an avenue to instant fame. This needed the evidence; one needed only get just in to the public eye. That kindled, a man could go back to New York or Washington law practice in the rewarding knowledge that he was no longer a routine lobbyist, a flack of corporate misdeeds or a silent partner in the hidden conflict. He was a statesman, a senior man, a respected voice at the Council on Foreign Relations and with a better class of clients into the bargain. Nor should anyone suppose that liberal professions were immune. A successful turn in foreign policy and so were what Theodore White in an inspired phrase called "action intellectuals," as in Asia. Roy Harris in London is getting a piece of the power of the United States as intense. To the bureaucratic tendencies of the Sub-Imperial Style was added a leadership which frequently I do not regret universally saw in such new orals the opportunity for display of that fortitude, imagination, unshakable spirit and drive that distinguished that only the possessor had previously suspected.

Once in the mid-fifties I was having lunch at Averil Harriman's in Washington; a clerk of higher State Department officials was on hand. Conversation turned on a new crisis on the subject to which the East Germans, with the automatically assumed confidence of the Soviets, were holding up traffic. Everyone was excited; the most sanguinary measures were proposed. In Washington, in three parts, as I've previously observed, the man in line to succeed always proposed the most reckless measures. Nothing so assured applause as to propose sending in the tanks. Red herrings were required to argue for retreat—to suggest finding out if, as in this case, they were only to slip up a pole. I then as they were breaking as someone called to say that the tanks were starting again. It was quite a belated and several very inconsistent of

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I found one (American) diplomat had been a member of the Communist Party. This was a serious matter and was being investigated. The man in line to succeed always proposed the most reckless measures. Nothing so assured applause as to propose sending in the tanks. Red herrings were required to argue for retreat—to suggest finding out if, as in this case, they were only to slip up a pole. I then as they were breaking as someone called to say that the tanks were starting again. It was quite a belated and several very inconsistent of

the Germans or Soviets at the construction company, whichever was responsible.

The Sub-Imperial Style had one further requirement and that was for a court. Men constructing in Washington in search of power and with all the thoughts of self-advancement needed association with some tangible manifestation of their grandeur. There was no need for a Versailles, but life in Washington would obviously be incomplete were there not a place that men of importance could meet men of importance and by their entrance be assured of their own importance. Their wives were also interested.

It proved easier to arrange this than it would have been in a Republic. The prestige and influence of the United States from World War II on attracted a steady flow of high-level visitors to Washington for purposes of business or for the official welcome and free-living which is imaginatively described by diplomats as business but which is really a perquisite of high public office. Even a Republic could be expected to greet its guests with appropriate pomp and the various paraphernalia to expect it. (Angus Fielding Deke when Chief of Protocol told me that before coming to Washington, took the precaution of ascertaining how many automobiles he would have in his escort.) The coming and going and the associated entertainments and leaves provided, even if at an inferior level, some of the opportunity for self-indulgence that the man of importance required.

The Sub-Imperial Style also nurtured the notion that the White House had a social mission that was related to larger public service. It was more than the reviews and the place of business of the President; in some unspoken sense (it was so), "it was the symbol of the nation." This sense of mission became a truth in the quarter century following World War II. It was automatically propagated by the Washington newspapers and press corps, both of which were driven by a public desire of participation. The reduction of the belittled White House was, of course, automatically embraced by those who had come to Washington to have a piece of the foreign-policy action. It provided yet further occasions when, alone with the



All organizations see outside intervention as a threat to its purposes.



Washington flows, lobbyists, politicians, heavy contributors, diplomats and their duly trained advisers, they could meet, reflect on their role and from which there was no return to confide in less favored friends on "how well they really do things. One is really proud." It is in a work of the economic, complicated history of American and their international representatives that the members of the White House are a place of many courtly ethics attracted on across criticism. It should have produced a leading constellation from the Senators and Representatives from Iowa.

It was in keeping with this trend that the President, as George Brady has so well told, should himself become an increasingly unaccountable figure, increasingly sheltered by subordinates and (as was only evident with Lyndon Johnson) increasingly confined in his information to what White House advisers he wanted to hear. It was in keeping, also, that from Harry Truman on, communications from the White House to the people had an increasingly paternal tone. Roosevelt talked to his audience and seemed to be taking them into his



Association with success makes men a success.



confidence. He was the last to do so. His successors, with the aid of their ghostwriters, prepared Justin Bell defining the status of the Soviets (and the Chinese, with Khrushchev, Coblenz and Zhou Enlai), the burdens which the American people would be called upon to bear to enforce righteousness on these wicked people, the fortitude with which good Americans would bear these burdens and the certainty, given the requisite fortitude, that freedom would triumph and with not any damaging reduction in the American standard of living. When the democratic style gave way to the Sub-Imperial Style, it gave way everywhere.

I saw quite a few of these changes at firsthand—and I may add, with a good deal less clarity than is now vouchsafed by hindsight. In 1954 I did a brief tour with the State Department where, in a highly nominal way, I was responsible for economic affairs in Germany and Japan and even more theoretically in Austria and Korea. In those days my colleagues were intelligent, unassuming and servants who found the government a more than ordinarily interesting way of making a living and which, for the more devoted, appealed to the natural preference for doing good for one's community with other people and were public and even defiant, as we have our business with their representatives in Washington. We weren't very busy but we did try to make work for ourselves. The White House was still comparatively simple and unostentatious and just across the street, and 2nd Street, the Secretariat, could only be seen from Truman at any time although, in his heart, he believed that Truman should call on him. This was how it still was after a very long time, it was only with the passage that things got complicated.

One could see then, however, the beginning of the new style. As might be expected it began in the occupied countries. In Germany, General Lucius Clay was in charge. As one of the most skillful politicians ever to wear the uniform of the United States Army, he was not a man to let power force him into such behavior. He was, as most people in Washington recognized, General MacArthur was behavior like a pauper as his headquarters was organized along the lines of an Oriental satrap's model but of military appointments paid him homage on all occasions of public and private

seriously and applauded everything he said or did. Journalists and others who should have known better had derived the interesting information that the Japanese were a state-spirited nation and thus submersive by preference. Now that the Emperor was a traitor, they promptly appropriated MacArthur as a scapegoat. The rest of us were impressed by the fact that the occupation seemed to work, not realizing that the Japanese were so tired of war that they were in a mood to make anything work, and the subsequent history has shown) have a much better ability to make a go of things anyway. For the rest we made jokes about the new best seller in Tokyo—it was called *MacArthur Is My Copilot* and was by God. We should have wept, for it was the beginning of the Sub-Imperial Style. It was only that MacArthur was ahead of his time and more than eminently acceptable.

On returning to the State Department in 1961 we immediately sensed the difference. Official conversations reflected the new style. Before, we asked the Chinese, Turkish or Egyptian Ambassador to come in to discuss an issue. Now he was summoned "to be told the facts of life." The facts of life were what we wanted his government to believe and do. The conversations I received in India had a peremptory tone unknown in the earlier time. They regularly began "You should leave the GPO (Government of India) in no doubt." The common truth dealt invariably with the need to deal fairly with the Communists in some troubled theatre and in contrast with the compromising tendencies of Jawaharlal Nehru.

The number of people involved in any policy decision had also grown phenomenally in the fifteen years. This reflected partly the multiplication of agencies and sub-agencies—CIA, USA, AID, new areas of State and the Pentagon—needed to express our new power. In his recent book on the State Department, *The Foreign Affairs Policy Makers*—the late John French, the Campbell aide of the State desk officer working on behalf of a smallish African state who discovered in these years or a little before that he shared authority with sixteen other officials in various other offices or bureaus) did a masterly, important reason for the super overreaching of every meeting was the obvious desire

Life in Washington would obviously be incomplete were there not a place that men of importance could meet men of importance and by their presence be assured of their own importance.

to be in on the action and thus to share credit for the resulting accomplishment. The number needed to make policy had increased more rapidly than the amount of policy to be made which led, naturally, to a very competitive situation. This was cured by an effort to increase the amount of policy to be made. There was, as Campbell says, "a tendency to characterize the most avoidable international occurrences by calling them crises."

To have the reputation of being skilled in "crisis management" was the greatest goal to which one could aspire. It was not something I fully understood until the Chinese-Indian border conflict in 1965. (There I

also learned how much I enjoyed my crisis management myself.) That was a secondary crisis which coincided with the Cuban missile crisis, a truly big-league affair, Cuba being the big crisis, that was where the reputation were to be made and so completely did it possess Washington and India that Carl Kaysen (now head of the Institute for Advanced Study but then in the White House) was moved to advise me that I could not expect attention for my small crisis from anyone much above the level of executive secretary. The Cuban crisis, even before the Chinese withdrawal. Incidentally, as I have often told, I was captivated by helpful crisis managers. My crisis was then the one to be managed. In a mere fifteen years the new style had taken hold and flourished. I do not accept that the new style disappeared under Kennedy. But it is a great mistake, as one school of historians now holds, to suppose that it began with him or with Lyndon Johnson. It was already big by 1946.

The Sub-Imperial Style is now, I think, definitely in retreat. The Vietnam war deserves a good deal of the credit. A new and more skeptical view of foreign policy and of those who make it has greatly helped. Some credit, as I have said, belongs to Richard Nixon.

The Vietnam war has shown in one of the most eloquent but readable lessons of all time how limited is our power to influence the major life of other countries and, additionally, how slight is our need to do so. When we have Vietnam, as on any day we will, the development which we sought to arrest will continue. We have merely effected a small postponement. What could only be forestalled by half a million American troops won't be prevented without them. And, as most would now agree, the effect on the United States will be largely inwards. The threat of an imminent follow-up attack on Hanoi or Peking on the beaches of Hanoi, as announced by President Johnson himself, has now receded. The power that sustained the Sub-Imperial Style in the Third World, when it was peremptorily manifested, turns out not to have existed. Nor does the need to exercise it. A most useful discovery.

The Vietnam war has also shown that foreign policy is as much for personal glory. On the contrary it is a first-order formula for political disaster. It suited Lyndon Johnson to the Pedestals. It suited Dean Rusk to Atlanta, Georgia. For numerous others, involvement with the war came as a terrible shock and led to a radical alteration in advanced membership in the Communist Party or support of the March settlement. It would be criticized if, reflecting on earlier episodes, we did not allow it to become a basis for pessimism. (However, support for the war was not necessarily a qualification for high office.) One has difficulty in believing that the men Mr. Nixon has brought to the State Department or the Pentagon expect to emerge in ordinary glory. Most must think they will be lucky to come out equal. I think Henry Kissinger has thought long and hard about simply making it back to Harvard.

The Vietnam war has also persuaded the American people that there is no longer a club of informed insiders who can be trusted on foreign policy to know what is needed and right. When informed insiders can bring off a disaster of this magnitude and duration, skepticism of their wisdom is not warranted. One could hardly arrange a better design for inflicting it.

A string of unconvincingly amusing confirmation of these doubts became available last year in America. The *Daffin* by Philip Quinn. A former insurance officer of Foreign Affairs, he was (Continued on page 160)

The Tarbox Police

by John Updike

Boys will be boys, God help us all



Col
Hill
Sam.
Dan

We have known them since they were born in the high school. Good-looking boys, not usually among the troublemakers, going out for each sport as its season came along, though not usually among the stars.

Indeed, they are hard to tell apart, without a close look. Col is an inch taller than Dan, and Dan has a slightly wider set to his jaw that differentiates him from Sam, who used to say he was made like a man. Dan, though, they don't smile much, if they started, they would never stop, and almost everybody passing by they know. If you look them in the eye for a second they will nod, however. A bit blankly, but nod. In the summer they wear sunglasses and their eyes are not there. In their short-sleeved shirts they would end into the middle of barefooted girls and bare-chested gay rakes, but for the tightly black armor of epaulettes, strapped and buckled to their bodies in some the hottest weather; the two-way make in its derelict state the belly this dashing even so from their belts, the little buttoned-up patches of Mace, and the impenetrable, impenetrable gun, its handle peaking from the jacket like the metal-and-wood mount of an engine baby seated riding backwards in its mother's fetal position.

They not only know everybody, they know everything. When dear Kaddy Putterhouse, divorced since she was twenty-five, and not his frail, aged and stern and the chairman she sat on some school board—every woman should be entitled to hold to one or two jobs in her life—it was the Tarbox police who came

around and told her her husband was a forger wanted in four states and took him away. When Justice Tugwell fell down the cellar stairs and shattered, it was the police who knew what James Morton's car was parked in front of, and who were kind enough not to tell her. It is the police who look up Square Wrentham Saturday nights as he won't dance himself, it is the police, when there's another fatal accident on that hot stretch of 84, who put the blanket over the body, so nobody else will have to see. Chief Chaff's face, when the de-aged lawyers come out from Boston to get our delinquents off, is a study in surprise, that the court should be asked to do anything everybody knows. We ask them, the police, to know too much. It burdens them. Young as they are, their faces get cold, cold and grim. When it summer they get on their sunglasses, like a boy who should be a hero.

They want to be invisible. In an ideal state, they would either away. My wife and I had on some expensive a year ago. Our male sex hadn't come back for his stopper, and the more my wife thought about it the less she could sleep, so around midnight she got up in her nightgown and went out on the convertible to search. It was a weekday night, the town looked dead. It looked like a head of ash, pressed with into black stone. Except dandelions—the black spire from a plant under the blue sky loomed, the street wide as a prairie without parked cars—there was this cluster of shadows. I thought of a riot, except that it was quiet.

I thought of witchcraft, except that it was 1991. Cal was there. His blue uniform looked purple under the lights. The rest were kids, the kids that hang around on the green, the long hair and the Low's making the girls hard to distinguish. Half in the forest, half on the pavement, they were having a reservation, a party in the heart of our shadowy town.

My wife told her value and asked Dad about the dog and he answered promptly that we had been hit but not badly by a car up ahead around the shopping center around four that afternoon, without a collar or a crime, and we apologized about the horses and explained how our little girl keeps driving the dog in her seat. My wife said she was going to call the animal control department's horse, chairman, and I knew she was so relieved to see us as he faded in the driveway and didn't get for two days, but the point is the strappingness of those kids and that policeman is the middle of nowhere, having a good time. What do they talk about? Does it happen every night? Is something brewing between them? Nobody can touch these kids, except the police. My wife said, "You think that's all, you're the only thing to be worried about, the police." I said, "I'm a convert and my wife is a big surprise, she is the student." As we pulled away, we heard laughter once.

[illegible]

The crowd, as was in the second story, of the old Cushing place, which the new owners had kept up for sentimental reasons, was watching the scene. The Osborne house next door, without a front yard, juts out to the pavement, and most of the crowd, of course, were so close behind that, though the old folks kept pushing closer to see, and the mothers kept running into the sea of fire to fetch back their toddlers, and the dogs roared around mouthing the very hair on its forbidden.

[illegible]

The plea, it turned out, wasn't to kill, it was to pacify. The police were aiming around the window, sending waves of their new bullets into the state police arrived with the tear gas. While the crowd was being entertained out front, Chief Chad and a state cop sneaked into the backyard and phoned the coroners into the kitchen. The shooting died. The police went in the front door wearing masks and brought out a stretcher; a man scuffled like a nervous baby. A thin sort of baby with a sleeping face. Though they say that at the hospital when he got his cry consciousness back he broke all the straps and it took five men to hold him down for the injection.

"Go home!" Chief Ched shouted, shaking his rifle at the crowd. "The show's over!"

Most people forgive him, he was overruled. Bits of the crowd along in the neighborhood way past dark, telling each other stories. Experience is so much these days, only experience makes it real. One theory was the crazy man hadn't meant to hurt anybody either, so he could have swung a dozen old balls. Yes, but on the corner of the Obscure, you can still see where a bullet came through one side and out the other, right where Chief Chad's ear had been a second before. Out of all that insanity, the bullet holes remained to be needed.

And then the March 10 session meeting, the moderator got rattled and made a mistake. He was the new sort of citizen who have moved into the Mainstream development. He was a young fellow, a young fellow who they appear to feel the world soon thinks an explanation. We were on the west article, we've been passing these same articles for years and the guy just starts smiling a better, but you pass them because the town meeting is a thing, you pass them because the town meeting is a thing, young Bismarck had raised four or five objections, and had the audience up and down at the microphone. He just in the house, and Rod Packer, moderator of the meeting, he was a young fellow, a young fellow who get weary of recognizing him, and overlooked his wrong hand. The boy—dear me, just like the old the at the shoot-out—had struggled as a billionaire enough refractory to float it on toward the ground.

LOVE, the balloon and.
"Even that man," Parker said

When I ever forget it? Seven hundred or so there, and we'd seen a lot of foolishness on two-masted dories, but we'd never seen a man ejected. Hal was over by the water buoiler, leaning against the wall, and Ben was on the opposite side joking with a bunch of high-school students up on the tanking boxes observing the diver's class. The two policemen moved at once, together. They sauntered, almost, across the front of the hall toward the water tank.

But you saw they had lilly clucks, and you saw they had grubs, and nobody else did.

Actually, young Honeybeard was a friend of Sam's—they had been smooching together that winter—and both smiled sheepishly as they touched, and the boy went out making a big peace V with his arms and people laughed and cheered and so doubt will vote him in for reelection, if he runs.

But still the two polioesons had moved in unison, carefully, crabwise-cautious under their load of equipment, and you saw they were real, blundering old Percy had called them into existence, and not a moult in that half held more than held breath. This was it. This was power, our power hopefully to be sure, but this was it. \square

In the Absence of a Hero for the Seventies...

... Run these up the Sargasso and see if the valleys shudder

[illegible]

What a piece of clay is modern man! how crippled in reason! how infinite in frailties! in action how like a penny! in apprehension how like a clod! the paranoid of antisocial! — That is how one famous writer might have described the inhabitants of our present aetheric age. Another famous writer, Saul Bellow, put it this way: "Mr. President, federal Revenue regulations will force us to add a nation of bookkeepers." Norman Mailer said it in verse: "salt dit dink! dink salt dit! The Mediators." (It is also an asexual age.) Or as Philip Roth once wrote, "America is a kitchen!" Yes, absolutely. In our fiction, we have the likes of Alexander Portney, Harry (Rabbit) Angstrom, Moses Herzog, Winesap, in real life we have Richard Nixon, Spiro Agnew, George Wallace, Herold Brownell, we have gone the way of God, James Brown and the buffalo. Charisma is buried beneath an eternal fog in Arlington. In the Sixties, the only art form to revive and neutral the heroic was the comic book. Perhaps that was why so many people began taking the comics seriously. Batman, Captain America, Iron Man and The Incredible Hulk helped us populate our Walter Mitty daydreams. To fill the gap that our politicians, our academics, well, all of us, have left in our society, we asked a new generation of artists (Bernard Wrightson, 32, Jeff Jones, 38, Mike Ploog, 31, Barry Smith, 28, Ralph Reese, 29, and Alex Wein, 22) to create a new generation of heroes. AKA, yes, Superman for the Seventies. Let's art this country ZAP. ZING. POWing again.

FASTER THAN A TURN OF THE T.V. CHANNEL, REFLECTOR—MORE POWERFUL THAN THE WORLD'S HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMP—ABLE TO PUT ANNY GUY'S QUANTITIES OF TOBACCO AND WARM BEER!! LOOK UP IN THE SKY!! IT'S A BLIMP!! IT'S A SHERMAN TANK!! NO!!

IT'S

RED-NECK!



©1988
WALTON

SHAM! SHOCK! SHOCK! SHOCK! A RED-NECK RUNNING TO A PAIR OF RED-NECKS EYE-DOES BEFORE CHANGING TO

HEY YOU! FREAK!



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT HE OVERTHROWS THE CRIMINALS

AND ACTIVATES HIS GREAT "GREAT STOPPER" GEAR

WHICH COVERS THE UNREMARKABLE WITH HIS NUMEROUS TIGHT-HOLDING ARM



WHICH COVERS THE UNREMARKABLE WITH HIS NUMEROUS TIGHT-HOLDING ARM

... SO BEWARE, INNOCENT PRISONERS! LONGHAIRS AND HUNDREDS OF HANDICAPPED GROUPS! RED-NECK IS ON HIS WAY TO SPILL YOUR BLOOD, BRUISE AND RUPTURE YOUR BLACK, BROWN, YELLOW AND WHITE FLESH, BREAK YOUR BONES, AND IN SHORT, TO END YOUR EVIL DAYS! WATCH FOR HIS FURTHER ADVENTURES AT YOUR LOCAL BAR, GAS STATION OR CONSTRUCTION SITE!!

"YOU ARE PURE
THY KAT IS PURE
THY SOUL IS PURE
THY FORM IS PURE
... MY GOINGS
ARE IN MY BODY."
— EGYPTIAN BOOK
OF THE DEAD

SUPER HUMAN

WITH THE EFFRAYS NOW
ON THE MENTAL AND
SPIRITUAL, BECOMING
WITH EACH OF US
A SUPER-HERO OF TODAY
MIGHT NEED THE
QUALITIES OF A
SUPERHUMAN!



THAT QUALITY OF
WHICH OUR
UNIVERSE IS
A REFLECTOR
THE QUALITY
WHERE ALL
EGGS IN
PURE SOUL
THE GOODS

THE DILE
AND ALL
THE SHOPS
OF CONSUM
IN CONSUM
CONSUMPTION AND
LUX

DURING ADDITION NO LONGER TIED TO HIS
PHYSICAL BODY, HE AND HIS ONE-OF-HIS
SOUL, LEAVES FOR HIS HATERS
SHALL TO ENTER THE TRUE PLANE OF
REALITY

BUT ONCE UPON
RETURNING, HE
FINDS HIS OWN
UNEXPECTED
BODY...

PSAD

TRAPPED NOW IN
REALITY-ESCAP
NOW TO THAT
INTERNAL
CONFRONTATION

WHERE ALL THE ENERGY OF
THE UNIVERSE, PURE, MOVING
THROUGH MENTAL FORMS, PULLS
BONDING, HEALING—REFLECTING
OUR UNIVERSE OF MATTER INTO
THIS AWARE, SUPERHUMAN
HURLS HIS SOUL, STRIKING OUT
AT THE BARRIERS OF HUMANITY

Why Won't Jackie Onassis Leave Ron Galella Alone?

by Bruce Jay Friedman

A paparazzo's magnificent education

In an age of specialization, lives there a man among us more specialized than forty-one-year-old Ron Galella who has thrown over the last five years of his life to keeping from behind bushes and vaulting out of Chinese restaurant entrances to take almost four thousand unauthorized pictures of Jackie Onassis in "frightened deer" type poses? Undaunted by Secret Service men, high fences, bodyguards and Jackie's own Guay techniques (sunglasses, flower bouquets, dipping away through restaurant kitchens), the tall, pouched shuttles has relentlessly trailed his lovely prey to at least two of the four corners of the earth, sniffling her in Cuzco, Naples, Scorpio, Pompeii, New Jersey, Brooklyn Heights, the bowels of Chinatown and midtown Manhattan hotel puffs. After a particularly vivid photo session on a Central Park bicycle path in 1980, Jackie had Galella arrested on charges of harassment. Galella filed a \$1,000,000 counterclaim charging "assault, false arrest, malicious prosecution and interference with his work." Jackie counterclaimed for \$6,000,000 in damages, charging "violation of privacy and racial assault." She also got a court order temporarily restraining Galella from "stalking, frightening or annoying" her. Galella went off to Hawaii and took breather. Jackie claimed she was an "absolute prisoner" in her New York apartment and lived in "bread fear" of Galella, who must stay a hundred yards from her home and fifty yards from her when she's strolling about elsewhere.

Curious to know more about her drangos, through-the-scenes romance with the boisterous former first lady, we, or let's face it, I did a little tracking down of my own, seeking out Galella in one of those neat cosmopolitan accommodations two-family houses in Tribeca, New York, of the type favored by Madonna who prefer to live with as little external flesh as possible. The sign above the front door said, "Photograph with the Paparazzo Approach—Ron Galella." It was my idea that perhaps Galella's voracious stobbenness had to do with a need to catch his parents in the act of consensual nuclear, extramarital, extralingual that ground bedroom shooter in every computer's life. Using a paparazzo technique of my own, I peered in him with this notion as soon as I'd set foot in the door. "No, no, no," he said, dismissing the theory as being too fancy, "my father worked hard all his life for a modest success and my mother lives three hours down. That's not it at all." Then why the fuck need he mercilessly ferret out Jackie and catch her in unguarded moments? "One word," said Galella, "challenge. Take Sophia Loren. She says, 'I have no secrets, paparazzo me.' Or Nicole Kidman. She opens her car front door in Hollywood. I introduce myself as the American paparazzo and in five minutes she's back in a limousine, any pose I want. What is that?"

"But Jackie," he says, eyes narrowing, "always trying to outdo me. Bitchish, evil, turning up in black which she knows perfectly well ruins my chances for a thousand-dollar shirt cover. . . . But how she can dress like that. . . . My best is that she'll wear the same Valentino dress three times in one week. Does that do me any good? And lately, it's pants, pants, pants. Also Levi's, those times in one week. With white rooms full of Valentino clothes. Oh, she's fancy all right."

He rarely, I suggested, in view of past history, she has a right to a reasonable amount of privacy.

"Now you see," said Galella, shaking his head in frustration, "you're taking the same position as Arny." Arny Onassis? "Right," said Galella. "She's different, a bundle man who pulls his arm around me—while Jackie looks in the car—and talks softly, even though he keeps peering in teen houses and restaurants and saying, 'I should have bought that one.'"

"I am surprised there is an American paparazzo," Arny says to me, "in a country so rich."

"There is, I say."
"Why do you do that?" he says.
"You have your job, I have mine."
"She has had much tragedy in her life."
"Yes," I tell him, "but she's over it. I've

not a sadist, giving her pain. This will help her forget. If not for me, people would kill themselves with curiosity about her and the kids. There is a big need for an American paparazzo with courage and I am filling it."

"Don't do it anymore," he says.
"Then give me a job with Olympia Dukakis."
"Yes," he says, "and for that I will pay you one dollar."

Through his relentless pursuit of Jackie in practically a full-time job, Galella seems up to doing other bread-and-butter jobs, however lucrative. After Jackie, there is simply no number two, but he does manage that Ah MacGraw is slowly coming up on the outside reel. "She's nice, cooperative, but she won't take a medium picture with her child. She says it's because of an ankle. I suspect that and say it doesn't even have to be her baby. She can use any baby, just grab a baby and hold it, madonna-style. It could be just the back of the goddamned baby's head, to show her protecting the baby madonna-style from cradles. I've got to have that picture. I've told her, yes. If she doesn't cooperate, I'll have to go paparazzo."

That is the style, generally, according to Galella, not these nice, then go paparazzo. The latter often involves bugging diagnoses, Afre kardos, hiking up for seventy-six hours in a locked customs warehouse with just one rule and only one rule to drink—and herbs. "Manager men are terrible for Sinatra and there's an American African star who lets me know every move Ah MacGraw makes." Grrr. (Continued on page 100)



Fox Populi

by Mike Royko

One man's solution to pollution

Eduard Lapins, an affable vice-president of United States Steel (Public Relations, Midwest District), was not feeling affable that day. He had been interrupted during an important luncheon by a restaurant phone call from his secretary who reported that a madman had just arrived on the executive suite.

He hurried back and found his secretary, receptionist, and typists in near shock, and his messon-ordered rug stained with a dark fluid and strewn with dead chicks. On his reception room sofa was a miniature coffin.

"Don't touch it," he commanded. "It might be a bomb."

The police were called. They opened the box and found a dead parrot, a dead mynah, a dead frog, and a small bottle of dark fluid, neatly labeled as having been taken from U.S. Steel's Gary, Indiana, blastpans, which empty into Lake Michigan.

The madman had walked in, the receptionist said, and nervously laddled something about giving U.S. Steel an award for all it was doing to the environment. Then he removed a mason jar from a shopping bag, unscrewed the lid, and allowed the contents on the rug.

While the women ran around the office, screaming for help, the man popped a cardboard sign on the sofa, depicted a bumper sticker on the plate floor, and disappeared into the eighteenth-floor hallway of the Loop building. The sticker read "Go Fox—Fight Pollution." The sign explained that the stuff on the rug had been taken from U.S. Steel's blastans.

Lapins was fuming, and his rage mounted when he learned that a second man had been there during the excitement, taking pictures. Before he left, he identified himself as a newspaper photographer.

Lapins phoned the editor of the paper. Editors are his friends. So are the TV news executives. And Mayor Daley, the Chamber of Commerce, and all the good people who serve as civic betterment committees, charity drives, awards committees. Lapins is U.S. Steel's richest man in Chicago, as well as its spokesman for all complaints about the company's being one of the major air and water polluters. And he wanted to know why the newspaper had allowed one of its photographers to virtually take part in a criminal act. The editor explained that he didn't know. The Fox was going to dirty Ed's rug or frighten his secretary. The Fox had called a friend on the paper and tipped him off that something interesting might happen in Ed's office in a few minutes, so the photographer was naturally sent to look on.

"Don't call him The Fox," Ed sported. "You just glorify these ads when you give him a name. If you call him anything you should call him a hyena because that's all he is. His name is here when he is here and his name would be away, and only defenseless women were

here. Why didn't he come when I was here, oh? But no, he came in here when we were away. He even spashed some of that stuff on one of the girls' legs. I'll have to send her to a doctor to have her examined. I don't know what that stuff is. This is an outrage!"

That night it made all the news shows. The news services flashed it across the country. TV producers made plans to somewhere contact The Fox, bring him to New York, put him on the talk shows. "We'll protect his identity," one of them said. "We'll let him wear a mask. Maybe a San-Face mask."

And forty miles west of Chicago, a husky man in his forties, university-educated, holder of a nonprofessional job, a student of nature, went for a long walk along the Fox River to work off the neuroses of the real and the excitement of the publicity.

It was one of the few times he had gone into Chicago to bother a polluter. The city answers him. He was born and raised in the Fox River Valley, where it was farms and weekend cottages, and he is still comfortable in a rural setting. Now it's the western edge of Chicago's urban sprawl, but he is still there. Someone with that background is probably the most likely to become obsessed by pollution. A city-bred person is accustomed to it, while the distant farmer doesn't really see that much of it. But this man has seen a verminous river turned into a sewer, farms employed by density-packed developers, and industry debasing small-town townsmen.

It all finally got to him about three years ago, as he walked along a creek. He saw city, gray waste running from a soap-company drainage pipe into the water. He found a removable lid on the pipe, took it off, and stuffed sticks, leaves and branches inside. Their hold, and the flow was stopped. Before he left, he scribbled a note, warning the company to clean its wastes, and signed it "The Fox," taking the name from the river. For contamination, the "F" was sketched as a fox's head.

That started him. Later he did the same thing to the drainage system at a small aluminum plant. When they didn't react properly, he went to the parent company's office in East Chicago, Indiana, and dumped fifty pounds of dead fish and garbage on the lobby floor. A receptionist almost fainted. A few days later, he sent her a damn rose.

He shot down an asphalt plant that gave off black smoke, climbed the roof of a factory and fired, unsuccessfully, in one the smokestacks, draped eighty-foot anti-pollution banners across expressway overpasses, and stashed signs into the windows of Loop stores that read: "I can't stop killing your environment. I need the profits U.S. Steel."

One night a plant guard took a shot in his direction, and he waded a mile down the Fox River to avoid the searching patrol cars on the road. Later, a small-town cop did the same. The police (Continued on page 28)

RING LARDNER & SONS

by Ring Lardner Jr.

Appreciation and assessment by a sole survivor

*Ring Lardner Jr.,
dead of a heart attack,
September, 1932.*



*John Abbott Lardner,
dead of a heart attack,
March, 1940.*

*Ring Lardner Jr.,
in a family photograph
of 1922.*

*Emma Phillips Lardner,
died in the Spanish
Civil War as a member
of the International
Brigade, 1938.*

*Gwendolyn Lardner,
died while working
as a war correspondent,
Germany, 1941.*

To me the most remarkable aspect of my father's career as a fiction writer is that he apparently never considered becoming one before he wrote his first short story at the age of twenty-eight. His motive for getting into what became his lifework was not any compelling urge to create, but the added expense involved in the imminent birth of his second son, my brother Jim.

There was no accumulation of manuscripts or rejection slips. In fact, nothing he ever wrote for publication went unpublished, and it wasn't till ten years after he started writing for magazines that he received a definite rejection. That was from *The Saturday Evening Post*; the story was *The Golden Monogram*; and the advice that came with it was that he should stick to sports subjects. He recovered from that blow by switching to *Cosmopolitan*, which took the story and paid more money.

The most conclusive evidence of his lack of ambition to be anything beyond a baseball reporter and part-time magazine writer is to be found in his marriage correspondence with the then Miss Mike Abbott of Goshen, Indiana, who became his wife after nearly four years of persuasion, anxiety and occasional wheedling. (It was two and a half years from first meeting to engagement and first bed, and almost another eighteen months of fear and doubt on his part to marriage in 1911.)

My mother's letters to my father were lost at some point. I suspect by her own hand, but despite her inclination about marrying him, she preserved nearly all of his, and a selection of them will be part of a forthcoming collection of his letters edited by Clifford Crossen of Northern Illinois University. Although they amount to one continuous effort to make her (and her parents) see him as a suitable husband, he never once raised the possibility that he might eventually increase his income by creative writing.

The courtship had to be conducted principally by mail because he was brooding with one or the other of the Chicago baseball clubs during the greater part of each of those years, while she was completing her last two years at Smith College and teaching at a school for the children of faculty members at Culver Military Academy in Indiana. A 1908 letter provides a sketch of addresses where she could write him:

July 7—Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh; July 8-12—Belmont Hotel, Philadelphia; July 13-16—Copley Square Hotel, Boston; July 17-24—Colonial Hotel, New York; July 24-28—Doubleday; July 28-31—Washington, Arlington Hotel; July 31-Aug. 5—Maymont Hotel, Philadelphia; Aug. 6-10—Copley Square Hotel, Boston; Aug. 11-14—Somerset Hotel, New York; Aug. 15-18—Cecil Hotel, Detroit; Aug. 21—Home if still alive."

There were meetings, usually separated by months, in

Goshen at the large home of her large family; in Niles, Michigan, only thirty miles away, where the Lardner family lived and where Ring and Elsie had first met at a picnic; on the Smith campus in Northampton, Massachusetts, when his job took him to Boston; and in Chicago, where Ring and his brother Rex boarded with their maternal uncle. But if such of those, by his own account, he would find to say all he had intended and would have to clarify and expand on his feelings in the greater ease of written communication, often in the form of verse.

His "preparation" was a matter of constant concern. "About songs—I'm not at all confident of my ability to fool any publisher with one, but I have two or three 'in preparation' which I'm going to try to do something with in New York. That's the only place to try anything like that in. The first thing I must do is to get some musical-comedy actor or actress to say he or she will sing it for them. How am I going to bluff say he or she into saying that?"

In a formal letter to her father several months after they were privately engaged, he was naturally as optimistic as he felt he could be about the future. "Of course you have guessed by the time that I wrote a good deal for Elsie. I can't help it, although I realize that no one is really worthy of such a girl and do not flatter myself that I am. That she cares for me to return is my only excuse for this letter, which is a request for your consent to our marriage. I know the life she has been used to and I know I am not 'well off' but I do believe I can take care of her. . . . My present work takes me from home too often to suit me and I intend to have another arrangement after this season ends. I can tell you more about it after the trip. I know how a father must feel about such things and all I can do is give the assurance that I can take care of her now, and know that I will do better as time goes along."

That was in July, 1910, and he did make a move the following December, but it turned out badly and was followed by such evidence of his instability that he was in a near panic about the possibility the marriage, now scheduled for the end of her teaching year in June, would never take place. Concerned about where they would be setting up housekeeping, Elsie had to resign, during a two-month period, from Chicago to St. Louis to Louisville to Boston.

From a salary of thirty-five dollars a week on *The Chicago Tribune*, he went to fifty as managing editor of *Spokane News* in St. Louis, writing her at the end of his first day: ". . . please promise you will try to love me even if I can't hold this job. It's a lot harder than I was led to believe and I started wrong today by heartily hating my employers at first sight. . . . What was it I told you about my heart? The real ones are

from night to five-thirty except on Sunday, when there's only about an hour's work. So your father needs to worry on that score. New jobs always are awful, though, and I'm going to stick till I'm fired." Shortly he was more generous in a letter to her mother: "The first two weeks here, I was a little doubtful of my ability to hold the job. I always figured that a new job is lots easier than it looks at first. I guess I'm all right now, and I'm beginning to be glad I made the move, and will be even more glad after June. That was my reason—and I wouldn't like to travel or work nights. As it is, I never have to stay after half-past five, except when I want to get something out of the way."

To Ella he also wrote (excerpts from various of his first letters during his first month in St. Louis): "Tomorrow my trunk is coming with the rest of Belme and from tomorrow night on, I'm going to divide my time—on-again—between him and you, with the possible exception in a while"; and "At last tonight I did a very extraordinary thing—I ordered a full set of Mark Twain, Cost \$25. It will be our first piece of furniture"; and "If only you can love me almost as much as I love you, life after June will be a million times more than I ever thought it could be"; and "Today is the 25th and I've been riding the wagon for two calendar months. That's the longest for five years"; and, on New Year's Eve, 1914, "I have not gone outside the door of my bedroom once since our supper . . . I claim this as a world's record for a single year; in good health, between the ages of twenty and thirty." And after both these records collapsed later the same night, resulting in a two-day writing hiatus, he explained with equal candor: ". . . there isn't a strong probability nor a bare possibility of similar events in the future. You don't understand Ella's disease. When I have you I will have everything I want. Isn't it a pretty good argument for my future 'goodness' that I stick so long now without you? But no argument is needed. I give you my word, dear, that you'll never, never have occasion to worry about anything like that."

The events of February, 1911, are not entirely clear because there are only my father's letters to my mother to go on, and there is a crucial week during which there were no letters because they were seeing each other. What is definite is that he quit, on an issue of principle, the best job he had ever had or was to have and, five years after the marriage, that he accepted the unlikely post of business manager with the Louisville baseball club in the American Association (an incident never chronicled by him or by his sole biographer, Oswald Robertson), that he encountered rising Albiotti feverish opposition to a situation that would subject their daughter to contact with baseball players; and that he was rescued from the dilemma by a timely offer to cover baseball for Hearst's Boston American. Sometimes the marriage, he was promoted to sports editor, and the second and third executive post also ended in a short time with his resignation. He had reported from Chicago to Boston his brother Rex and another newspaperman, Frank Smith, while Ring was in Philadelphia for the World Series, the marriage again apparently about Hearst retrenchment, marked the end of the baseball season in St. Louis. Rex and Smith, with Ella pregnant and no money made, Ring quit, borrowing money to return to Chicago, where his next job, as a copywriter on the American press, was a sharp slowdown.)

Rex's explanation to Ella of his departure from St. Louis lacks specific detail. "It didn't take me all this time to discover that Mr. Spink (the then publisher of Springfield News) was dishonest. I knew it before I'd

been here a month, but I decided to swallow it 'for the good of the cause.' He did something about a month ago without my knowledge that was against all newspaper rules, but I explained my innocence to the affected person and was believed. If he believes yesterday he tried to put over something else, but he told me about it and I asked. I told him I'd quit if he did it, and he was afraid to have me quit because Ben Johnson, the president of the American League which is responsible for his paper's success, recommended me. But he had some more words and I told him I would quit to save work for Jesse James and that I was going to leave very shortly."



Ring Lardner Sr., about 1912

The following day and again the day after that, he had lunch with Billy Grayson, owner of the Louisville team. The first time Ring rejected the business manager post on the grounds that he didn't want to leave to travel after his marriage. Grayson came back with an offer of only one trip after June, the club secretary would do the rest of the traveling. Ring accepted subject to Ella's acquiescence, which he got by letters and, and formally resigned from Springfield News. Meanwhile she reported the news to her father, whose explanation to him, Ring came directly to the point, an interesting one in view of Ring's five years of close association with ballplayers and his manifest fondness for many of them.

"It is a much different thing, in respect to my relation to the ballplayers, from my former job with the Tribune. Then it was for me to mingle with them so that I might know what was going on. In the Louis-

ville proposition, it will be to my interest and the interest of the owner to keep away from everything but the manager, who, in this case, is one of the most honest men I ever met. You can depend on it. Ella won't ever have to see a ballplayer or a ball game. She can go to a game when she wants to, but I'm just as much opposed to her being 'mixed up' in it as you are. My chief duty is to see that kind of my company such as all hotel reform and privilege men, are standing from him, to oversee things in general, and have his books to such shape that he will know always how he stands."

My father's image of himself as a bookkeeper was propaganda to anyone who knew him then or later,



Ring Lardner Sr., about 1916

but less so in his own mind, just before his twenty-sixth birthday, than self-imposed by his prospective father-in-law as a potentially successful writer. After throwing in the information that Mr. Grayson (like Mr. Albiotti himself) was in the lumber business as well as baseball, he wound up his long letter by returning to the main theme: "You wouldn't be at all afraid that she will be forced to meet an 'outside' I won't let her, but I guess she won't be so anxious that I'll have to 'sober' it."

I don't know exactly how the problem was resolved because neither my father nor my mother ever spoke of it in my hearing, and I didn't know of it at all until I read his letters after her death in 1950. He went from St. Louis to Chicago, where he consulted with the two members of his own family that mattered most to him, Rex and their sister, Anna Tobin, and then to Cuba, where he picked up Ella and proceeded to Gaines for the showdown, however and whenever the Boston offer

came up, it was regarded as an acceptable compromise by the Albiotti, whose only in Minneapolis went all the way back to the Mayflower. Even his rumored mingling with athletes was somehow condoned. By the last week in February he was at work on the American and reporting to Ella every day on his efforts to find a suitable place at a suitable price for them to live now, if it ever would be June 26. His constant absence was Brookline, which "can't be so horribly small and exclusive, for four or five employees of the American live there. It's a dry town—that's one reason I like it."

He also wrote: "I walked downtown after supper last night and ran into Bert Williams (the great black comedian of vaudeville and the Ringling Fellows), who was on his way to the theatre. I told him as plain as I had for a sonar and he approved it. He provided an idea for another use and told me to work on both of them and return to him later in the week."

And: "I went to bed at ten-thirty last night, read Bernard Shaw till midnight and then tried to sleep to go to sleep. I finally got there about four this morning. It wasn't Mr. Shaw's fault, either, for I thought of nothing but you. This is only another plan to shorten my sentence."

And: "I suspect you of having stopped another day and I am positive your letters are getting shorter and shorter. So I have, in desperation, formulated a general and inapplicable plan. This is it: On days which your letters from you, I am going to count the number of words in them and write the same number to reply. On days which don't bring letters, I'm not going to write. There were 155 words, including signature, in this morning's letter. There will be 155 words in this, even if I have to break off in the middle of a sentence." This letter added two paragraphs like "Dear sweetie, after having been, has been changed. I will send corrections when . . ." That was it. No signature.

But still no suggestion that he might do any different writing from what he was doing, nor any mention even of thinking about an idea for a short story.

Certain facts about my father's background are relevant to his attitudes toward his own career and toward the financial circumstances that were so important to his marriage plan. Ringgold Wilmer Lardner, the full name on his birth certificate and name, with a combination of three family surnames, each of the families had been a part of the Colonial establishment well before the American Revolution. By the time my father was born in 1885, the Lardners had fifty generations passed in Niles, Michigan, behind them on top of a century of prominence in Philadelphia. Rex, Anna and Ring, the three prominent children in that order, each had a separate Irish ancestor when they were little, and they were educated at home by a private tutor until they went to high school. Their parents were extremely devout Episcopalian and their forebears before that were Unitarian. My father's mother, and perhaps second to the reformation of Trinity Church held by his maternal grandfather.

All these factors had a bearing on the man my father became, and so did the collapse of the family fortune in land speculation when he was sixteen. (The family sank into poverty.) My father was able to refuse was a mining venture on a Canadian island in Lake Superior, and this was sold on his death in 1914, my mother told me in the 1950's, because the cost of shipping the ore to land made it unprofitable. I asked her what kind of ore it was and she shrugged. It was difficult to understand. (The ore had been an awareness of the significance it had meanwhile acquired. The word was pitchblende.)

So severe was the debate that when Ring disclosed to Ella, shortly before their marriage, that his Boston salary was forty dollars a week, he added that there were really only thirty-five dollars available to them because he and Rex each sent ten dollars home to Miles every week.

Although he lived in the New York area from 1889 to his death in 1924, he remained a Middle Westerner in much of his thinking, including a mild form of the unsophisticated and rural prejudice so dear to the heartland of America. There are frequent references in the correspondence with Ella to church attendance and guilty consciences, but there was no doubting by the time I was a child that he was a man of work habits. I never think it had caused much earlier than that, possibly because she was raised a Presbyterian and they couldn't find a common place of worship. What did persist in him was an extreme prohibition that was offended by off-color language and almost any reference to sex, in conversation, literature or song lyrics.

My brother Jim and I, about nine and eight years old at the time, had a month's allowance confiscated for offending the following taboos at the dinner table:

"Q: What was the longest shi in the Bible?"
"A: When Joshua went from Jericho to Jerusalem on his ass."

The allowance was only a dollar apiece but it costed four or five movies and various other luxuries.

Although he started writing songs, both words and music, as his teens, he seems never to have contemplated that or any form of writing as a career. After graduating from high school he had a succession of brief jobs, including one as a freight handler for the Michigan Central Railroad. Then his girlfriend decided both Rex and Ring should become engineers and sent them to the Armour Institute in Chicago, where "I passed in rhetoric with one of the highest marks in the class and flunked that the year was a perfect record as it was the only study I was taking. But came another valentine from the class containing a few words of farewell and congratulating me on having finished at Armour in faster time than any other student in its history."

After a year of unemployment he took Civil Service examinations which led to odd jobs as a substitute mailman during the following year. Then he went to work for the News Gas Company, reading meters, trying to collect bills and keeping accounts. This job lasted nearly eight months, with his salary going from five to eight dollars a week. He left it to become a reporter for the *World Tribune*, across the border in Indiana, a job that came his way by accident. The editor was looking for Rex.

The two most important events in the conversion of Ring Lardner from reporter to writer occurred within seven months of each other when he was twenty-eight years old, two years before he married. The father of the first (John) of four sons, The Chicago Tribune asked him to take over the column *In the Wake of the*

News on the death of Hugh H. Knapp, and this became his daily slot from 1913 till we moved east in 1918. (Daily, it may seem, but Ring's columnists in Iowa, most seven days a week.) There are still many older Tribune readers who remember him properly for the light verse, observations about sports, and general comment that filled the Wake.

One of his early features in the column was a series of letters supposedly written by a well-to-do ballplayer with a scandalous ego. The Reader often offered him fifty dollars for a short story in that vein, then reneged after it was delivered, afraid of his readers' reaction to the linguistic crudity. My father sent it to *The Saturday Evening Post*, which promptly returned it. Sometime later he was introduced to a talent scout for *The Post*, who read the story and sent it directly to George Horace Lorimer, the editor. The essential part of Lorimer's reply was a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. That story, *A Reader's Letters Home*, and its early success became the book *You Know Me All*.

There were no real obstacles after that, except the actual process of writing. He was always a perfectionist and his health became increasingly insecure, a combination that made artistic creation an agonizing chore. One of the major sound effects I retain from my childhood is disease, prolonged to the point of acute tension, followed by a sustained burst of rapid two-finger typing. He would thank out a page or so of a story in meticulous detail and then set it down at high speed, rarely returning to it except for a copyediting when he was all through. The only real revision he ever did was for the theatre, where he generally worked in collaboration and where rewriting is a way of life. A few of his books consist of series of episodes about the same characters, originally

written as separate magazine stories, but he never attempted a novel. "Before I got a third of the way through," he told me, "I'd be one more bored than the reader would."

The bootlegger was supposed to come to our house in Great Neck, Long Island, during school hours only, but I can recall witnessing more than once, because I was home if or there was some stop in the procedure, his periodic delivery of a barbag sack full of bottles. I know in a vague way that my father had a drinking problem, but by the time I was old enough to have some grasp of what that really meant, he had been forced by illness into one of his many courtesies on the wagon, and this one lasted until his death at the age of forty-eight. The only opinion I remember hearing him express on the subject was that it was a damn shame. "No one, ever, wrote anything as well after even one drink as he would have without it."

Literary critics and academic types, whose initial conception is the dissolution of living prose, had trouble with Ring Lardner from the start. For one thing, they preferred patterns for an artist of very stature, though his talent be recognized initially by a few official

players who then passed to their secondary function of elevating the general public to an appreciation of his merits. Sometimes, however, popular acclaim comes first and the critics, gradually, reluctantly, have to accept the judgment of ordinary people. As it was with my father, and the publisher lasted a full decade.

He was not an easy man for the solution of American literature to take to their bosoms. He wrote fast, and sketched in places, the conspicuously non-intellectual readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*. His stories dealt with ballplayers and other denizens of the lower depths of American culture. They made people laugh rather than think, and they were written in a vernacular of English that had no literary precedent.

Even after the decision was finally offered, even now when the *Times* of his influence have been traced in scholarly works from his first decade, Ernest Hemingway (who was called "Our Ring Lardner, Jr.") in his high-school newspaper), through a long succession of American writers, his greatest achievement in higher critical circles are uncomfortable with him. They strive, out of their own need to justify their function, to discover a deeper purpose beneath his most casual efforts, and especially a tragic symbolism behind his pawed strains of nonsense.

There were four main Lardner prose styles. One was the literary language of the uneducated in the form of letters or diaries:

"Well all it is to take now to cry in the snow milt but I whist I had not never saw Pierre until next year and then I bar could get married just like we does last year only I dont know would I do it again or not but I guess I would on next of hille all."

A copy editor on *The Post* wanted to correct the first Reader episode on the ground that the most accurate words were misquoted while the kinder ones were written correctly. My father had to prove to him that this was exactly what ballplayers did when they underwent press composition. Every word they thought they knew, hard ones they asked about or looked up.

Second was the repetition of spoken speech. Here there was no changing or work, just the distillation of the language that would be caught by the ear if the narrator were speaking aloud.

"They even got a barber and a maid, but yes I can't get a shave with his pressing pop skidder, so it's pretty near impossible for a man to look their best at the same time."

Or: "And he gets her a look that you could peel on a waffle."

Several of his finest stories are written in the more conventional form of straight third-person narration, which he used increasingly in later years, but even in most of these the narrative is primarily a frame for dialogue rendered in the reporter's exclusive vernacular of American English.

The fourth Lardner style, used in some of his finest work, is in "pretext" as he books and in short

"play" not intended for performance. I can only describe as "nonsense and parody" because there is no clear border line between the two and often what began as either one of them segued into the other:

"The curtain is lowered for seven days to denote the lapse of a week."

The products have been cited more than anything else in the concerted effort of literary critics to prove that Ring Lardner was the supreme masterstroke of his time. They found it impossible to accept a writer who seemed not to take his own work seriously, and they concluded that his levity was a mask over his hatred of the world and himself. The truth, of course, is that he did take his work seriously, in the sense of working hard at it and with the aid of his unique ear, getting it just right; what he avoided at all costs was taking himself seriously in public. When I was about eight years old, I read that he was something called a



Left to right: Mrs. Ring Lardner Sr., James, John, David and Ring Jr., in 1916.

hamilton, and I asked him if the charge was true. He told me it was a loaded circuit. "It's as if you asked a baseball player what position he played and he said, 'I'm a great third baseman.'"

He regarded all products as nonsense but his was precisely the obligatory one. On one day, as he wrote nonsense products, Scott Fitzgerald, a close friend and the only man outside of relatives with whom my father ever had a sustained correspondence, persuaded him and Maxwell Perkins of Scribner's that the best Lardner short stories should be collected in a book. There was much discussion about a title and he probably chose *How to Write Good Stories* because it fit in a parody of the novel pretensions of current professors to such collections:

"A little group of our deeper drinkers has suggested that maybe boys and girls who waste to take up writing their lifework would be benefited if some person like I was to be write them a few books in regards to the technique of the short story, how to go about planning it and writing it, when and where to plant the irony, interest and climax, and finally how to market the finished product without law (Continued on page 168)

Portrait of the Artist as a Cement Manufacturer

by D. Keith Mann

What do four published novels mean when a man can offer the world X-Pandolite?

Nine-forty: X-Pando Corporation. Office and Laboratory. I climb the rusty, steep staircase. The murkiness is Victorian: *Dombey and Son*; capers of industry, child labor laws. An acid-sourizing odor as pervasive as I am vividly after the hour and twenty minutes' bus ride from Uptaria. The shoeless man in Port Authority Terminal says, "Boss, I can show 'em up too, but I she can't make 'em look the same." Yes, indeed. I've got two different shoes on: one black, one brown. I stand perfectly in the subway, unshaken feet on either side of my loafers.

It hardly matters after all. Cement-factory shoes is inferred. The grey-white dust falls, falls. It puffs out of the ancient wallboards; it shows from cracks in the ceiling. After two hours, a cup of coffee begins to rise. Faces develop dawn smears. You dare not touch anything with advice. The president has a martini, swimming air filter in his office which rips and crackles, nothing dust all day. I, the vice-president, wear a polo shirt and khakis. On long Friday afternoons I dream of sudden death, poisoned from behind, bring in fatal poison on the silver door as silent, soft fakes cover my body, a victim of Venetian or Kinkadee.

Please Kinkadee at says of the bedside. The sign is printed in my dead father's precious black lettering. The door is locked, twice checked, as we peers at me. Long Island City is now closing. In a decade two more perished X-Pando has been robbed three times. First a sort of dress rehearsal, perhaps an estimate of labor required. The heaves were pulled from our burly self. Portable radios and a case of Christmas Four Roses were slung up. I thought for a foolish moment that they had taken a copy of my most recent novel. I found it behind a flag cabinet. No one reads these days.

The police arrived, loved by businessmen, perfunctory police. They go in the door for fingerprints. Gloves prove only. And that next night, returning like common men on some contract labor job, the thieves finished my safe, taking petty cash and payroll. It took five work to me: cold chisels and hand sledges were strewn in the city's concrete wreckage. One had to advance their industry.

X-Pando, we found, was not insured for such stakes; nor was it insured for whiskey and radio. X-Pando was insured only for another burly safe. The new safe was installed ten days later. That night—yes, that night—I was sleepwalking. More cold chisels and sledges were concrete rubble. The safe, one box of Hydrex chocolate cookies, two shovels of pound cake and (as an appetizer) a roll of dimes for eastern home. We are not, after all, quite that stupid. X-Pando is insured for a third burly safe, but we retain the old one. Its shattered metal door sledge or one large like

a preening, flightless bird. We have not been bothered for some months now.

Kinkadee: There is a better, bluish haze in my office. I inhale through the mouth. The odor is powerfully entered; my face seems to pucker in strange places. I open the door and peekish it backward and forward, snoring the dense air. It is General dry. Below the men are crouching our suspect, heavy, hand-picked walking composed in an earnest dough near. The ingredients of this product (which remains plastic almost indefinitely) are so rich and nutritious that for a time in the early 1960's papers used to pack General out of building cracks, growing plump on it, excreting most wonderfully. We have discouraged the process, but for a while they did provide an occasional viable volume.

I open my briefcase. The six-hundred-page volume of Tropic's Parkins has destroyed another sandwich. Egg salad bleeds a Faggs. I must finish Parkins before he finishes me. I sit on apple. Mrs. Hagers, the corporate secretary, also my sister, brings me a cup of water. She tells me that the president, Mrs. Kinkadee, also my mother, wife of my stepfather, is in the laboratory discussing expansion problems with our invaluable doctor, Eddie Brandon. Eddie is not related to me—charismatic support has been corporate policy at X-Pando since it was founded in 1879 by my grandfather, father and uncle. I could not escape it. I was playing Touchstone in Florida with The National Shakespeare Company when my father died. I left the Forest of Arden—Tropics and came home. They were nearly seven years ago.

Ten o'clock. I go into the laboratory. A four-year accumulation of chemicals hose three walls: jars and vials and bottles have grown grey beards of dust. My father's ghost lives here under the inefficient fluorescent. Years ago, working late, I sometimes heard an old rattle grating slowly in an elevator. But the walls are aging and the change of temperature, the Fishers at nearby, elicit snarling and angry sounds from the wood. I no longer work late. Frankly, I am afraid.

Mrs. K. and Eddie are huddled over the cradle, a device which measures expansion in cement to the ten thousandths of an inch. One two his sisters, X-Pandolite (a home-repair cement for tile, cracks around bathtub and anchoring) and X-Pando (a pre-pour compound with extraordinary resistance to pressure, to high and low temperatures), are both cements that expand as they set. They never shrink. But expansion depends on magnesium oxide and, oh my gracious goodness how we suffer with MgO. Shakes from different masses expand differently. Our standards are exacting: expansion from .002 to .004 per cubic inch. No batch after batch must be. (Continued on page 180)



Lightness at Noon

Some will tell you that a martini is the perfect antidote for the midday pressures of American business. The theory goes that top blends of gin or vodka are known, but regardless the stirrings required for whirling and dishing. Right. But there are days when you want to say to hell with all that, days when Cheesecake Monday's Three Hours for Lunch Club seems exactly the right idea, when the food is great, the company relaxed, the wine flowing and the evening pleasant lapses daintily at odds with Phase Two. Those days, you may want to make an exception and start with something delicious. The drinks shown here are all effective whippers of the appetite and pleasant reminders to ease. The brownish drink, top left, is dry sherry liberally drenched with slices of Argentine lemon. The Spaniards, who make most of it, and the English who drink much of it, know how well dry sherry opens a meal, particularly when accompanied by duck green stews. Apply the lemon with caution and no facts and drink even on an at room temperature. Just below the sherry is a Chamblygastie, a favored aperitif from the Alpine region in eastern France. It is made with the best of dry vermouths ever on and with a splash of strawberry syrup stirred in and a lemon twist. The next two drinks along the top are called Xeroceros and Tomato, and at the lower right is a Pestoquet. These are all from the south of France and are based on herbs, the lemon-flavored drink of the region. They are biting but light, superb between. The last is made with two ounces pasta and one ounce cognac, a sprig based on almonds. The Tomato has greenish syrup and the Pestoquet gives citrus de perfume in place of spirit in the same proportions. Add ice cubes and fill glass with cold water or seltzer, or Pestoquet, water is extra good. The three broad names of pasta are Pesto, Biscuit and Biscuit. At the far right is a spritzer, a very dry drink in midtown Manhattan these days. It is simply very cold, young, dry white wine with a squirt of soda water and lemon garnish. Pesto, of course, hold that the wine should be drunk unadorned, and they have a point. If a fizzy drink is desired, why not order the very best pre-lunch drink ever introduced: a bottle of dry champagne?

Photographed by John Givetti

AN ISTANBUL! AN ISTANBUL!

by Richard Joseph

At Turkey, the only place left where the dollar can still do its thing

Experienced observers of the travel scene who have visited St. Tropez, Taormina, the Costa del Sol, Mykonos, the Greek islands and Singapore in turn predict the popularity are predicting Turkey will be next. Jacqueline Gossens hasn't yet had her picture taken in a haven yet, seated on a diamond-studded throne in the Topkapı Palace, holding the famed emerald dagger, but other than that all the signs are there. Cocktail-party talk these days is all about visiting a Turkish villa—for \$60 to \$115 a month—and about the roads who will take care of it six days a week from eight-thirty in the morning to four in the afternoon for about \$27 to \$32 a month. The monthly food bill for a household of two and the motel room under \$70, and almost all living costs are comparably low, so a couple can live happily if not precisely like a prince for less than 1900 Turkish liras a week. That's a lot of Turkish liras, but it amounts to only \$100.

Many young Americans are living there in far less. In April a few weeks ago I saw a Christiana from Strasbourg under the properties that form a canopy over the Kemerli bazaar. Bearded, sandaled and robed, he was drinking pomegranate juice out of a paper cup at about seven cents a serving, and eating mints, sort of compressed aniseed, for about a cent. He carried a sword slung like a brocade on his other arm. That cost twenty-five liras—less than two cents apiece. His accent was straight East Village.

"Man," he said happily, "I can live here in nothing for the rest of my life!"
Fashion magazines photographers are posing their models against Turkish backgrounds these days, and the hills are alive with the sound of American boutiques buyers picking up risals for the folk back home. Mr. Nixon's wardrobe or no, they are not without enormous markup in Turkish merchandise and still offer it to their customers at reasonable prices. Shortly before leaving for Turkey, for instance, I saw a man's heavy leather horse-studded belt with a huge brass buckle peddled in the Christmas shopping catalog of one of the more fashionable New York stores and priced at \$45. A few days later a budget hotel looked like the same belt at a sidewalk stand in the Turkish seaside resort of Kuantan. The price: about \$1.95. And the soft black antique-leather sports jacket I had taken made for me at one of the little leather factories just outside Istanbul's Grand Bazaar for \$36 would cost about four times as much made in New York.

Mass prices will take you back to the Nineteen-

Fifties. You can generally figure on having a good three-course meal any place other than a tourist restaurant for 35 per person or less. Hotel rates are even more reminiscent of older and happier times. The Istanbul Hilton, Turkey's most expensive hotel, charges a relatively mild \$25.50 to \$34.55 a day for a double room, and from here the prices drop sharply. The Grand Ankara in Ankara, which was grand recently for our Mr. Agnew, gets \$13.55 to \$15.35 double; and the Grand Esheras in Izmir, possibly the best hotel in the country, charges a modest \$6 to \$11.55. All these are officially in the heavy classification. First-class hotels get about \$7 a day for a double room.

One thing that makes Turkey so inexpensive for Americans is the fact that this is one of the very few places—if not the only one—where the United States dollar is worth more than it was a year ago. It bought twelve Turkish liras until last August, when Turkish devaluation raised the rate to about fifteen, where it has stayed ever since.

But Turkish tourism has a lot more than low prices going for it. Geography, for instance, and history, and much of the splendor of Turkish history has been based on its geographical position as the traditional bridge between Europe and the Middle East. Istanbul itself is in the northeastern corner of Europe, but just across the Bosphorus, a two-cent ferry ride, are Gallipoli and Anadolus—Asia Minor—bordering on Soviet Armenia, Iran, Iraq, and Syria, the lands of the Arabian Nights and of the Bible.

More than anything else, Turkey is a visual excitement—exotic at half price. Its major attractions—and it must rank among the great sights of the world—in the valley of Göreme. Its landscapes look like those scenes reflected in a distortion mirror and its villages seem to have been created by an architect from Disneyland suddenly gone berserk. Here a volcanic rock contrivedly etched but is so soft that wind and rain have been able to carve it into a seemingly endless assortment of towers, pinnacles, cones, chimneys, needles, kittle-tanks, towers and hills that look like the goblets and bearded Klansmen, and sometimes shaped like man-rooms. In the moonlight it is a surrealistic Halloween scene, flickered by full and from suddenly still. Some of the rock formations look like the dolmens of Brittany or the pillars at Stonehenge; others resemble the stargazing stances of Easter Island. Whether the comparisons, Spanish, the sun of Göreme is unique.

This was a refuge of the early Christians, although Muslims are believed to have first used the caves two thousand years before Christ. Go to nearby villages and you'll find people living in individual dwellings they've carved for themselves in the hollows or in cave clusters that look like a combination of modern apartment houses and the homes of the Pacific Indians. Cave excavations are still going on today, and local people even "buy" a hotel of sorts into the cliffs a few years ago.

Turkey's most recent "big attraction" for visitors is the sacred houses of the Ottoman Sultans at Istanbul's Topkapı Palace, reopened last October in time for the state visit of Britain's Queen Elizabeth, after more than thirty years of restoration work.

With so much travel excitement in Turkey, how is it that such a comparatively small country and one that has discovered it so late? (Only 55,906 Americans went there in 1970, compared to more than 357,000 to neighboring Greece.) According to one theory it's because most American travelers think of Turkey as the furthest point in Europe. What it is, really, is the nearest point in Asia—the Middle East only slightly more than thirteen flying hours from New York. ☐



Three hours' drive southeast of Ankara at Cappadocia and the Göreme Valley where craters some peaks contain more than 300 cave-dwellers used by the early Christians. Many are scarcely unearthed underground cities where as many as 50,000 people are believed to have lived.

by George Jackson

Dear Greg,

I've been arrested, interrogated or investigated more times than I care to count. I've learned ten times more about the process than the most expert single groups of investigators. From the first moment I've

"All black people, wherever they are, whatever their crimes, even crimes against other blacks, are political prisoners because the system has dealt with them differently than with whites. Why? Give the benefit of every law, every loophole, and the benefit of being judged by his peers—other white people. Blacks don't get the benefit of any such jury trial by peers. Such a trial is denied a crack to crack in the operations of the system. Blacks are not given the same rights as white blacks don't have these benefits" (Howard Moore [Angela Davis]), attorney, asked "if the smart, but not 'fast' the court—he's in a position to know—he's honest, black, and dedicated means to tell."

Jonathan, my younger brother, understood this point perfectly. The purpose of the road on the Maine Coast by Comstock was more significant by far than its calculable effects. I knew him well, since he was and still is my older ego. He went to liberate and to educate with arguments and free action. He knew that as he proceeded in liberating there would be more action. He wasn't a speechmaker, and neither am I. Escape from the myth, the hoax, by moving people into action against the terror of the (Gothland) on page 119.



GUESS WHO FOR '72?

by Jeff Greenfield

An uncalled-for political announcement

A recurrent nightmare: I am condemned to spend Eternity in the space-time continuum of New York City between the sunset and July of 1972, switching from one cocktail party to another. Each one is louder, sillier, more desperately hysterical than the last. And worse, at each one I enter I can hear, faintly at first, then building to a roar, the Chant of the Eastern Liberal!

"Bumper's responsible, Maclean's a spy, McCarthy's a racist, McGovern can't win; Johnson's a fascist, Lindsay's incoherent, Teddy's not wearing his Nixon in '61. (Pare me a Pefko, We'll sing it again), Bumper's the rapist, . . ."

Waking in a cold sweat from this black dream, I conclude that only a sadistic Founding Father could have designed one politics to take the Presidential election year always has 565 days, amassing M. Surin, Bill is Older People Talking about the 1972 Elections.

Yet, because despair is also in my nature, I have lately been comforted by an alternative vision. Yes, I have a dream:

It is July, 1972, at Nixon's Beach. A hopelessly dislodged Democratic convention waits on a moist piece of a hastily converted Elmy Casaca—George Meade, Joan Jackson, Gloria Brennan, Frank Charv, Renzo, Edward Kennedy, Sam Brown, Oscar Rizzo, and Al Lowenstein—moans the routine and speaks in verse.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are proud to place in nomination the name of the man with the record, the experience, and the appeal to win in November, and modern America: the next President of the United States, the Honorable Lyndon Baines Johnson P. Chase, nomination by a collection, and glorious victory in November.

Do not say it is impossible. That is no longer a valid objection to any political scenario. The impossible is simply a working definition of the next great ballgame, a mutant before it hits the water, that is not least we have nearly all leached from the States. Only political columnists, their newspapers strangled in an irreparable Margaret Line, passing unacceptably the last campaign, still hold to impossibilities, the last certified impossibility being that an incumbent President could not be turned out of office by his own party. Can we really say that a former incumbent President cannot be returned to office by his own party? No, it is on the merits and on the hard political realities that a Johnson Restoration must be debated, on both counts, the ex-President's strength is decisive.

No one—not his most serious detractors, not Barbara Garrison, not Al Lowenstein—can erase the issue of Johnson's achievements and shortcomings. His record, federal aid to education, the War on Poverty, the Voting Rights Act and the Public Accommodations Act, immigration reform, all accomplished within three years (before the war began to drain his energy). Worthier appointments to the bench and federal agencies, from Thurgood Marshall and Abe Fortas (Chief Justice of the Court) to the Supreme Court, to marriage like Jack Johnson on the P.C.C. A sense of Congress in sharp contrast to both John Kennedy (who could not get legislation through) and to Richard Nixon (who does not know what he wants apart from another term). Of all the Democratic candidates only one—John Lindsay—has been tested in the crucible of contemporary executive pressure, and Lindsay is simply too new to the party and too burdened by the State of New York (poor) to be a serious contender. All of the others speak from the sanctuary of the State, their rescue to part untested. A Johnson Restoration would bring to the Presidency the only man in contemporary history who would be critically unknown by the boards.

But what of the Johnsonian character, the natural, overwhelmingly personal Presidency, the sense of self, the uncalculated grand maneuvering, the pitiful, pitiful, target-bombing of North Vietnam, pushing the action by the leaps and shaking it into sleeping his vision of national destiny? It is undeniable that by the start of 1968, when many of us, including myself, were seeking to oust him, both Johnson's Presidency and the social fabric were at the breaking point, stretched beyond endurance. It was as though all of America was living Lyndon's twenty-four-hour day, without benefit of his midday nap and retreats to the ranch. He pursued his career with the passion and tenacity of a shark, by the end, we had all become his White Whale, stalked one day often by his harpoon.

But the three and a half years since he has left the White House have changed Lyndon Johnson fundamentally. For thirty-seven years, Johnson was constantly involved with the exercise of power from Johnson's personal assistant to National Youth Administrator for Texas to Congressmen, Senator, Majority Leader, Vice-President, and finally President. And the key to this experience is that power does not simply corrupt—it weakens. At each step, the distance from Johnson to the consequences of power extended. By 1968, that reach—from the jungles of Vietnam and the streets of

our cities—had become too far, Johnson's reach exceeded his grasp, and that gap had become his fall.

Now, for the first time in his life, Lyndon has been away from power, free to contemplate the limits of human wisdom and the value of reflection. He seems to have become a man more at ease with himself, as we can see in his book *The Pathless Port*. Old enemies are treated with detachment, all quarrels with subordinates and political rivals are dismissed thoughtfully, almost sorrowfully. If we recognize that men can change—Robert Kennedy after his brother's murder, Edward Brooke with respect to the war—then why not Lyndon Johnson? Immature Lyndon's drive, energy, knowledge, and sensitivity, fused with wisdom and patience. Such a President could reshape the nation without forever jolting its nerve ends.

There is, of course, the war. No doubt some will say that the man whose decisions took 45,660 American lives and the lives of hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese, devastated the life of one nation and divided another, and wasted \$128,000,000,000 should not rule again.

In the first place, nobody's perfect. Second, the war is clearly winding down. Nixon has managed to replace almost all the American soldiers and allies boys. It is at least possible that, just as Nixon withdrew Lyndon's man, Lyndon could withdraw Nixon's soldiers. Further, since the two Presidents have managed to level a working majority of Vietnamese families and families, there just isn't that much more damage to be done. Vietnam was the turning point in American foreign policy; if we quietly showed even as professional an anti-Governor as Richard Nixon the need for distance with Moscow and Peking, perhaps Johnson will be recognized as the man who put into motion the process that turned us away from nuclear holocaust. No doubt the surviving Vietnamese can be proud of the historical role their sons and brothers helped to play in the shaping of a great world community.

There is yet one more fundamental argument for a Johnson Restoration: that it is necessary first to face hard practical reality. Can he win? It is when we examine this issue that the genius of a Johnson candidacy becomes apparent.

First, L.B.J. would completely outpace a Nixon who would have to run into a campaign with Texas and its twenty-six electoral votes in his pocket, and Texas is the linchpin of any Southern strategy. Further, Johnson's appeal in the South would all but erase the value of Nixon's choice of a son of Dixie as his running mate. And anyone who can remember a potentially attractive vision of an opponent, you have scored a major triumph.

Second, Johnson is perhaps the only Democrat who could begin to match Nixon's money-raising capabilities. The Democratic Party is so broken that the telephone company has threatened to refuse about service in 1972 unless it pays the \$1,500,000 it owes from 1968. (The prospect of carrier pigeons and marathon runners for the 1972 campaign concerns the most anti-Johnsonian of Democrats.) L.B.J., in contrast, managed to raise more from the United Auto Workers and Hershey Food Co. than all the other candidates, from bankers, bluffs, and intellectuals, all at the same time. His first step in favor of the ad-hocism allowance should tap that source of funds. This means access to TV and radio time, and well-funded political arguments, without which a Presidential campaign is doomed to defeat.

Third, Johnson is the only (Continued on page 129)

Was Ray acting alone?

Who made that fake radio broadcast?

What was Ray's motive?

Why did Ray leave evidence at the scene of the crime?

ARE YOU SURE WHO KILLED MARTIN LUTHER KING?

by Byrum Shaw

On a mild Monday in March of 1968, James Earl Ray, a small-time crook celebrating his forty-first birthday, was led into the crowded security of a Memphis, Tennessee, courtroom to stand trial for one of the most outrageous crimes in American history. Eleven months before, on April 4, 1968, Ray—no one else—had fired one shot from a 30.06 Remington rifle and snuffed out the life of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., the Nobel Prize-winning black apostle of nonviolence and civil-rights protest. In the smothering aftermath the Federal Bureau of Investigation spent \$1,000,000 in tracking down John L. Rayne, John Willard, Eric Starvo Galt, Harvey Lowmyer and Ramon George Sneyd. For them all the trial ended at Heathrow Airport in London on June 8, 1968, with the arrest of James Earl Ray, an escapee from the Missouri State Penitentiary who was also Rayne, Willard, Galt, Lowmyer and Sneyd. That, though untrue, he was all these shadowy characters has been established beyond doubt. That he, James Earl Ray, acted alone and without assistance, that Dr. King has never been proved on court or before any other tribunal because Ray's "trial" was not a trial at all.

That he did not go to trial is in some part Ray's own doing. On November 24, 1964, two days before he was originally scheduled for trial, Ray fired his first attorney, Arthur Hanes, of Birmingham, Alabama, and replaced him with Percy Foreman, a Houston lawyer famous for winning favorable verdicts and astronomical fees. Hanes, dismissed without warning by Ray, had already pleaded Ray not guilty to a charge of murdering King. With the switch in counsel Ray was a trial postponement, but he also allowed himself to be persuaded or coaxed into making a deal with the State

of Tennessee in exchange for a plea of guilty and a promise to believe at the hearing Ray would be given a sentence of ninety-nine years in the State Penitentiary. He would save his life, but he would forfeit all claim to retrial or appeal.

The hearing in March, 1968, therefore, was to provide only a judge's seal of approval on a deal already made between the defense and the prosecution, with the blessing of the presiding judge, the late W. Preston Battle. There was nothing devious or illegal about the maneuver, as lesser cases it had been used hundreds of times in Tennessee courts without complaint from the public. For the State the procedure had decided advantages: it made lengthy proceedings unnecessary, thus saving the time of court officials, only a few witnesses needed to be called, and a major item of expense was thereby eliminated; justice seemed to be served, because the procedure was operative only with an admission of guilt. But in the Ray case there were large doubts as to whether the cause of justice was indeed served, and they have never been cleared up.

Some of the doubt and uncertainty has grown out of the artificial issues that accompanied the decade of assassination. King's death recalled the horror of a President's seal in Dallas, and the second strike was mentioned in the proportions of Armageddon through language, leading to death in a half second of the nation's major cities, including the capital. Rumored shock waves assailed the public with the slaying only two months later of Robert F. Kennedy. James Earl Ray's arrest followed Kennedy's death by two days, and a people weary of bloody intrigue fully anticipated for him a long and painstaking trial, with mountains of evidence and a parade of witnesses in vindication of

the external cause of justice. When Ray was hurried off to prison after a single morning in court, without that expected deluge of evidence, the public response was one of amazement.

Then comes the second question and the articulation of frustration. The public knew that Ray had pleaded guilty to killing King, it knew also that he had made some sort of assertion suggesting that he was part of a conspiracy, and yet that suggestion was never followed up. To the average citizen, the whole thing smacked of a gigantic cover-up, an attempt by someone, or some agency, obviously powerful, to hide the truth about a crime that had bitterly rocked the nation.

Most of these doubts are the painful result of a communications failure: in fact—and the average citizen has never understood this—the case against James Earl Ray was disclosed in court on the day of his hearing and is available in the official transcript. That this information was not fully covered in the press. The public got only the dramatic highlights, and out of that imperfect accounting has grown a large number of questions. Most of them are unimportant questions, but they arise because, in the absence of a continuing source that something seemed happened to Ray—and to the public—that day in Memphis. Among the pressing questions are these:

Did Ray, in fact, shoot King, or was he only a minor player in a well-orchestrated conspiracy?

If he was part of a plot, who were the other conspirators, and why have they left no trace?

If Ray was acting alone, why did he dump the evidence, thus making his capture inevitable?

What about that fake radio broadcast put out twenty-nine minutes after the slaying? Is that proof of conspiracy? And what about those reports that there were two white Mustangs at the scene of the crime?

If Ray did shoot King, what was his motive?

If he didn't pull the trigger, why did Ray allow himself to be talked into pleading guilty? What was the basis for his suggestion in court that there was a conspiracy?

If the case had gone to trial, how would the defense have proceeded?

How strong was the State's case against Ray?

In order to place the uncertainties in proper perspective, it is necessary to digress some of the background to that birthday hearing. For the purpose of the King case, it begins with Ray's escape from the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City on April 25, 1967. In the months following he cut an intricate trail. His movements, later traced by the F.B.I., were documented even more astoundingly by the perceptive William Bradford Huie, took him to the West Coast, Mexico, New Orleans and Canada. Ultimately he split crossed King's, and his consciousness in the assassination is defined by the prosecution in the following manner:

1. Ray stalked King, for reasons known only to himself, and when the information is considered the black leader became fixed in Ray's mind, he bought a telescopic-sighted rifle in Birmingham at the Aero Marine Supply Company. That transaction, in which Ray used the name Harvey Lowmyer, was completed five days before the slaying. (Ray actually bought two guns, and the State was prepared to prove it and to explain it. The first, a .243-caliber Winchester, Ray may have thought would not accommodate the bullets he had

previously purchased. (An examination of that weapon showed some barrels in the Chamber in the stock, making it difficult to operate.) The next day, March 30, Ray exchanged it for the more expensive 30.06 Remington.)

2. In the middle of the afternoon of April 4, Ray, using the name John Willard, rented an \$8.00-a-week room in the second floor of a three-story apartment at 3931 South Main Street in Memphis—a city Ray had never visited before in his life. The rear of the rooming house overlooks the Lorraine Motel, where Dr. King, on Memphis to lead support to a strike of the city's 3500 garbage collectors, was staying. Through the service of a legal paper, the exact location of King's room had been published; Ray had bought a copy of the Memphis Commercial Appeal giving that information, and by leaving a flimsy chest of drawers and hanging out the window of his room, 5B, Ray could watch all the activity on Dr. King's balcony. From that window, however, it would have been an awkward rifle shot. A better view, although somewhat obscured by trees and underbrush, could be obtained from the window of the bathroom down the hall from 5B.

3. A half hour after he rented the room, Ray drove to the York Arms Company, built a side arm on Main Street, and bought a pair of binoculars, complete with rubberized strap. Returning to the rooming house, he parked his white Mustang in the last metered space before the fire station at the corner and collected his belongings in a false in his wallet. Then he laid out the binoculars, the rifle (which was in a cardboard carton around which he had wrapped a green bedspread), and a small blue slipper bag containing a change of underwear, toilet articles, the newspaper, two cans of Schlitz beer and a small plastic transistor radio. (The radio was one of the few things Ray had brought out of the Missouri Penitentiary with him escape. It originally had his prison number scribbled into the plastic, but he had obliterated the number with a sharp instrument.)

4. Upon his return to 5B, Ray made several trips to the bathroom, locked the door, and leaning in the tub to monitor the activities in Room 386 of the Lorraine Motel, 3931 foot away, at a downward angle. At about six p.m. King came out on his balcony and talked to some friends in the parking area below. Moving to Room 5B, Ray hurried to his room, got out the rifle and one bullet, returned to the bathroom, locked the door, stepped into the bathtub, rested the rifle on the window sill and, at exactly 6:01 p.m., fired the shot that killed Dr. King. The bullet struck King in the right jaw area, angled upward through his throat, and exited below, coming to rest under the rim at the top of the left shoulder blade. Expert triangulation established that the gun was fired at a point consistent with the bathroom-window elevation.

5. Ray's rifle recoiled so sharply that it left scratches in the sill of the window. Ray stated the shot, which unlocked the bathroom door and sailed toward his room. Charles Q. Stephens, a retired police equipment operator who was working on a radio in a kitchen next to the bathroom wall, claims to have heard the shot and to have seen a man whom he later identified as Ray going down the hall toward the stairway.

6. Ray returned to his room, jammed the gun into the cardboard case, threw all of his belongings (except the binoculars slings) into the dryer given bedspread, and ran down the stairs. Emerging onto the sidewalk, he turned left and hurried toward his car, some forty

foot away. In flight he panicked and dumped his bundle in the office doorway of Casper's Amusement Company. He then dashed to his Mustang (stepped free from parkade to getaway—three minutes) and, although he knew little about Memphis, completely eluded a police dragnet, including roadblocks.

3. The bundle dropped in the doorway was quietly reported, and it amply ran Ray to the murder. His fingerprints were found on the rifle, the binoculars, the toilet articles, the beer can and the newspaper. Microscopic swappings from Ray's Mustang (later recovered in Atlanta) and a rifle in 53 counties there from the group lodged—Ray, who left his fingerprints so carefully on all his belongings, left none in his room, on his furnishings or in the bathroom.

4. After the assassination, alone and unaided, Ray made his way to Atlanta, thence to Canada, and, with the use of a Canadian passport mysteriously obtained under the name of Ramon George Sneyd, a Toronto policeman, to Europe.

All of this, plus a long chronicle of Ray's wanderings after his escape from the Missouri pen, the State of Tennessee, with the assistance of the Justice Department (whose attorney-in-charge had been justified by the issuance of a conspiracy warrant based on a hundred-year-old statute), was prepared to prove—or to attempt to prove. With Ray's guilty plea and the dead-end sentencing, the State had to prove virtually nothing.

The official transcript gives the following account of the "trial" of James Earl Ray:

For opening, Judge Battle, who ran a tight court and who had been extremely careful to provide no excuse for the overthrow of the Ray conviction, explained the procedure to the defendant, that he was "pleading guilty to murder on the first degree in this case because you killed Dr. Martin Luther King under such circumstances that it would make you guilty guilty of murder on the first degree under the law as explained to you by your attorney."

Ray replied that yes, he was "legally" guilty and that he was pleading guilty voluntarily, in full knowledge that he was waiving his right to a new trial and to all avenues of appeal.

"His attorney besides this instance of assistance given in the past—has been prevented to you to give you to plead guilty?" the judge asked. "Was anything else being promised to you by anyone?"

"No, it has not," Ray declared. (He has since repudiated that statement, declaring through his present attorney that he agreed to plead guilty because he was promised an early release.)

Then Phil M. Canale, attorney-general (prosecutor) of Shelby County, took the floor to swear in the jury and establish proof of death. As a prologue to these acts he said that there had been "rumor about your arrest." This, James Earl Ray was a member of the "gang" or a fall guy or a member of a conspiracy to kill Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. I want to state as your attorney general that we have no proof other than that Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was killed by James Earl Ray and James Earl Ray alone, not in concert with anyone else. Our office conducted the investigation, printed pages of investigation work done by local police, by national police organizations and by international law-enforcement agencies. We have examined over three hundred physical bits of evidence, physical evidence

also. There isn't any other. Mr. [Robert] Dwyer, Mr. [James] Beasley and Mr. John Corbin, the chief investigator of the attorney general's office... have traveled thousands of miles all over this country and the many cities in foreign countries on the investigation... and I just state to you freely that we have no evidence that there was any conspiracy involved in this. I will state this to you further, if at any time there is evidence presented, competent evidence presented, which we can investigate and hear out, that there was a conspiracy involved in this, I assure you as your attorney general that we will take prompt and vigorous action in searching it out and in bringing that indictment be returned if there are other people or if it ever should develop that other people were involved and you have my assurance on that, not only me but the local law-enforcement officers and your national law-enforcement officers."

Forward Ray's attorney, delivered with an assertion that it had taken him a month and fifty hours of conversation with Ray to reach a conclusion, but he was now convinced that "there was no conspiracy."

When the jury, whose sole duty was to confirm the conviction and sentence, had been seated, James Earl Ray unexpectedly and somewhat angrily interrupted the proceedings. It was (the one point of which he departed from the script in which he had been so carefully coached. He burst out, "Your Honor, I would like to say something. I don't want to change anything that I have said, but I just want to enter one other thing. The only thing that I have to say is that I can't agree with Mr. Clark."

Ramsey Clark, then Attorney General of the United States, had been insisting publicly that the King assassination was the work of one man acting alone—once though it was he who personally supervised the investigations into the case by ordering the issuance of the conspiracy warrant. Before Ray could be headed up, it became clear that he was disagreeing with Clark's and Canale's assertions that there had been no conspiracy. His outburst subsequently was to add to the public's confusion over this important point.

The rest of the trial was so routine as to be boring, and the jury carefully screened newspaper comment that could be taken as either supporting or refuting Ray. The rather dry record shows what the evidence has proved, and a complete accounting of those dry facts might have anticipated and answered some of the questions that were later to be raised.

Called to the witness stand were the Reverend Samuel N. Kyles, pastor of the aforementioned Baptist Church in Memphis, who, on the evening of the assassination had gone to the Lorraine Motel to pick up Dr. King for dinner and who told of King's last living moments; Clarence Echright, a Chicago attorney with whom King was in conversation when the bullet struck; Jerry Thomas Freeman, Shelby County medical examiner, who testified that the trajectory of the fatal bullet "was from above down from right to left passing through the chin, base of the neck, spinal cord to the back," and that the angle of the bullet's passage was consistent with a low drive from the bathroom window of the rooming house at Memphis' Palm Inn; Inspector N. E. Zachary, who told of the finding of the fatal bullet, binoculars, upper lip, newspaper and green spread in the Motel Stairway doorway.

(It was at this point that Ray showed his only as-

sert in the evidence presented against him. He asked to see the transcript read aloud. Through the use of a violet light, F.B.I. experts had "washed" the prison number Ray thought he had scratched out, then linking it to the Mustang's engine and providing a major breakthrough in the case. In court Ray turned the radio over and over in his hands, muttering his figures along the scribbles. He never had figured out how the F.B.I. numbered that 004162, his prison number at Jefferson City.)

Following Zachary in the witness stand was Robert G. Jensen, special agent in charge of the Memphis branch of the Missouri State Police, who testified of his work at the F.B.I. laboratory in Washington, of the discovery of Ray's Mustang in Atlanta, of the tracing of various bits of physical evidence to their source, and, very briefly, of the marksmanship with the responsibility of more than \$1,000,000 in public funds for the Missouri State Police. By comparison, the total bill to the taxpayers of Shelby County for the trouble of Canale's three-man investigation team was \$3,500.

That was the sum of the "proof" presented in court that the murderer of the innocent consists of "attribution" to one man. If the evidence that Ray would have introduced, the case it would have tried to prove had the case gone to trial James Beasley, the Canale assistant who outlined this material, was added considerably in his presentation by F.B.I. models of the rooming house-motel premises. These models, which came with removable signs so that the (price) of the rooming house could be exposed, were designed so that they could be tilted toward the jury. The little pages of diagrams, photographs and lay outs were held in place by magnets so that witnesses could have moved them around at will, and the design was to prove that the area broken through in the raising of the rooming-house stairway had been carefully disguised.

Beasley's recitation included a recapitulation of Ray's movements on the day of the assassination, including the witnesses (among them Charles G. Stephens) who saw the bullet in the binoculars, the discovery of the after the shooting of the bundle of evidence, the tracing of the rifle, Ray's purchase (from a private owner) of the Mustang (whose background in Ray's wanderings in Chicago, Mexico and New Orleans, his post-assassination flight to Canada, his flight to Europe, his flight to Canada) and that Robert A. Frazier, chief of the Forensic Identification unit of the F.B.I., with twenty-seven years of experience, would have been called for testimony as to the firing of the rifle. "He examined the cartridges, the ball from the chamber of the rifle, the slug recovered from the body of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and would testify to conclusions as follows: the death slug was identical in all physical characteristics to the few loaded .38-06 Rem-Union-Union cartridges found in the bag in front of Contep's the cartridge was not in fact from the chamber of the .38-06 Rem-Union-Union rifle. That the death slug removed from the body contained lead and grease impressions consistent with those present in the barrel of this rifle. That he also made microscopic comparison between the prickled dent in the sill of the window at the bathroom of the Motel Stairway and the bullet hole in the motel's scope evidence in this fact was consistent in all ways with the same microscopic marks that appear on the barrel of this rifle."

(The stanzas here were added, because the language

set (has) in court. Compare it with the section of the Warren Commission report on the slugs that struck President Kennedy. "Under microscope examination a qualified expert may be able to determine whether the markings on a bullet known to have been fired in a particular weapon and the markings on a suspect bullet on the same end, and the markings on the bullet were fired in the same weapon to the exclusion of all other weapons." After making independent examinations, both [Robert A. Frazier and Joseph D.] Masi [superintendent of the Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation for the State of Illinois] positively identified the nearly white bullet from the [President's] stomach and the two larger bullet fragments found in the Presidential limousine as having been fired in the C276 Rem-Union-Union rifle (the Harvey Oswald's gun) found in the Texas Book Depository to the exclusion of all other weapons. The discrepancy in slugs in the Kennedy assassination the bullets were positively traced to Oswald's gun, but in the Ray slaying the same expert could not positively certify that Ray's rifle fired the death slug.)

At the conclusion of the "evidence," Judge Battle turned to the jury. There is very little to be done to his right, and said, "All right, gentlemen, all of you who can do so and you may do so and accept this compromise and settlement on a guilty plea and the punishment of twenty-one years in the State Penitentiary, hold up your right hand."

Without losing sight of the jurors, two of them black, extended their hands into the air. "I believe that's everyone," Battle said. "All right, you can have someone sign the verdict."

Judge Battle was not through. He had a few words to reveal to the jury. He said that in the name of the international network of law-enforcement authorities who had run Ray down, And, more to the point, he gave some evidence that the unanswered questions in the trial were on his mind. "It has been established," he said, "that the fact that the jury did not see enough evidence to find Ray guilty to serve as a conspiracy in this case. Of course this is not conclusive evidence that there was no conspiracy; it merely means that as of this time there is no sufficient evidence available to make out a case of conspiracy. Therefore, if the defendant was a member of a conspiracy to kill the defendant, no member of such conspiracy can ever be in prison or memory or be down to plaintiff's doors, because in this state there is no statute of limitations in capital cases such as the one in this case. Therefore, if you stay in prison in these Criminal Courts have convinced us that in the great majority of cases, Ray was right when he said: 'For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most abundant organs.'"

And that was it. The hearing, dealing with a crime which had left dozens of American citizens in Texas and just, had lasted 145 minutes. James Earl Ray was taken away to close confinement in the State Penitentiary at Nashville, where he would be eligible for parole in forty-one years, six months. (Had Frazier secured a more low sentence instead of one sentence, twenty-one years, his client would have been eligible for parole consideration at the end of thirteen years.) Subsequently, pleading the hardship of isolation, Ray was transferred to the Brushy Mountain State Prison, where he has been put on a work detail and margin-

with other prisoners out of his room for making the transfer has also become clear: he has already made a rather imprudent—but frustrated—effort to escape.

The immediate reaction to Tennessee's brand of instant jurisprudence was hostile and bitter. Much of the American press cried, "Foul!" none more quickly than The New York Times. In its lead editorial the day after the trial, The Times said, "The shortcut trial of James Earl Ray for the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. is a shocking breach of faith with the American people, black and white, and of people the world over still awed and puzzled by the justice that struck down this international leader."

"Ray is entitled by all legal means to a full hearing of the defense open to him under the law. Not by means, legal or pragmatic, should the doom of the defendant and the justice of the case be decided by the motives and the doubts of the murder victim. . . . Nothing but outrage and scorn can follow the handling of this long-delayed and feverishly snuffed-out trial. . . ."

"Why should this assassination case be tried by shortcuts instead of formal legal procedure, such as to examination and cross-examination, the presentation of all the evidence by the prosecution, the appearance of the accused in open court? . . . In the ghetto and in the world outside the ghetto, the question still exists for answer: Was there a conspiracy to kill Dr. King and to cover it up? . . ."

"Unless proceedings are convened in court—Federal, if not state—no shall never be the adjudicated truth. There should be no Warren Commission necessary—a month or a year from now—to tell our doubts and do what a Tennessee court has failed to do."

The influential protests voiced by The Times and other newspapers have never completely subsided. Last July John Bergerhiser, the Nashville editor who was an administrative assistant in the Justice Department under Robert Kennedy, published a book, *A Search for Justice*, in which he said that the actual question was a possible conspiracy in the King murder scenes surrounding it. In the Ray trial, he wrote, "The administration of justice succeeded in passing a guilty man. It made an attempt at passing a suspect for truth by passing down what very well may have been a lie by Ray."

In fact, the public would be almost wholly in the dark about Ray's activities had it not been for William Bradford Huie's persistent investigation and the publication of his files. But Huie, who was in constant logjams with Judge Battle and who did not meet Ray face-to-face until after the trial and after most of his writing was done, does not claim that he found out the whole truth (for one thing, he feels frustrated because he never got the full admission of guilt from Ray). He does admit rather ruefully, though, that in his involvement in the King investigation he wasted a year of his time and lost \$25,000 of his money. "The Ray case is a bad dream to me," he wrote me recently.

Like millions of Americans, I had worried over Dr. King's death and the uncertainties that grew out of it. Back there in a time which now seems almost prehistoric, as a newspaper reporter I had walked with Martin Luther King Jr. Highway 81 from Selma to Montgomery, through Klan country, through the soft Alabama spring. And I had seen of it who were there and who listened to the moaning strains of "We Shall

Oversure know that that this man was a walking target, if not on that day, on the next, or the next. He had already had his dream there, and had been to Ohio. But it was not my battle I was a reporter, a purveyor of factual information, and if on the next day I should be pulled from the line, as I was, and told to go interview George Wallace at the State Capitol, word of the advancing border, I could do it, with an equal lack of involvement, an equal passion for the truth of the honest quote and the intelligently marshaled facts marching in black print across the page. But it is King whom I remember, to whom it seemed in perfect irony that that so much as can be told about the trial of his central assassin should be gathered together in one place for public examination. And where would an old reporter like now to get the facts? To face into Memphis on a Thursday morning aboard a Piedmont Airplane plane that had been delayed by weather, and Phil Canale and his chief investigator, John Canale, once a Shelby County deputy sheriff, were waiting for me. They knew why I was there, and they were pleased and obliging and infinitely courteous and hospitable. Canale is friendly, an easy-going man, but he could have launched a highly successful political career on the strength of the Ray conviction. He has chosen not to profit from it, except that regularly, without opposition, he is returned to the American Government. Between ten and twenty members of his staff of about thirty, twenty-six trial assistants, there is genuine affection. He is of Italian extraction and his father was a successful attorney in Memphis. When I was there his kids were overjoyed with gift rabbits.

We drove into Memphis, along South Main Street, the crumbling old double-building housing house containing sharply with the modern new Arthouse on the new corner. Jim's Girl is still there, and the Canale Assessment Company, both invisible to history. And then we turned around to the Lowry Hotel and sat in the parking lot, looking at the stone wall. With a little someone peering back and forth, through the morning trees, we could spot the bathroom window where the assassin is said to have done his work. There is a brick retaining wall there, and the view is up to a tall hill covered by a dense brush. The room where King had been converted into a shrine, and a plaque on the motel wall reads, "And they said one to another, 'Behold, this dreamer comes. Come now therefore, and let us say him. . . . And we shall see what will become of his dream.' Genesis 37:15-20."

None of it seems real. None of it seems completely to be the scene of one of the dark moments in American history. It is a quiet, lanky, benefit of salubrity, dew-dripped. And yet, in the intimacy of the sign suggests, an honorable man gazed out his life here, and just over there, somewhere, hidden by the bushes or the crumbling walls, the assassin lay in wait.

Canale filled my questions with one thing I wanted to know about was the trial, why Canale, with all his experience of evidence and the opportunity to play a central role on a world stage, had been willing to accept an agreed verdict, making trial unnecessary. "Since I've been directed, never," he said, "and that's been sixteen years, there's never been a sense of any action where if a defendant's lawyer came in and said, 'My man wants to plead guilty,' that if we can agree on

what the State thinks is a satisfactory sentence and it's accepted by the defense—there's never been a case where we haven't agreed a man to plead guilty. Of course, you can't avoid guilty and go to the electric chair in Tennessee. That has to be done for a jury after a trial. And if they approached me on a guilty plea and a recommendation of sentence I would send the same privilege as anybody else who commits a heinous crime."

Asked if he were aware that public reaction to the procedure might be one of shock or that it might give rise to charges that the facts were being covered up, Canale said that prospect didn't bother him. "I think I'd be stupid to say that I didn't think there would be a lot of comment from the press about trying to cover up something, but so long as my conscience and the discharge of my official duty is concerned, I always say that if I can go home and put my head on the pillow at night and go to sleep without looking back, then I'm not going to worry about it."

Question: "It was absolutely an advantage with the defendants you and I have in Memphis not to make a big deal out of it. Why? Just consideration?"

Canale: "Well, I didn't want to put on a trial just for my own gratification or just for the benefit of the press, since the precedent was established in this office of allowing people to plead guilty in any type case if they accept the sentence. Now we had been through some famous cases, and we were ready to face any fallout. We were well prepared for any fallout that might come off."

Q: "So 'backing off' the city was set a primary factor?"

Canale: "The more that allowing the guilty plea had an ancillary effect of cooling off the city, but so far as its being one of the considerations in allowing him to plead guilty, it was not."

Q: "Mr. Canale, you and I in the trial in your opening remarks that you had reviewed the facts and that any kind of conspiracy involved here, that other people were involved in this crime, that you would immediately proceed against them. You remember that?"

Canale: "That's correct. In fact, about exactly. I said that I'm not saying there was no conspiracy. I'm saying that we have not one but of credible evidence that there was a conspiracy, but if any competent attorney ever developed that there was a conspiracy, then we'd never against them the same as we do against anyone."

Q: "Is that still true?"

Canale: "Of course it's true."

Q: "And since the trial, there has been no additional evidence that there was a conspiracy?"

Canale: "No, no, there has not been."

To the extent that there has been no "credible" or "improbable" evidence in the conspiracy, Canale said he is satisfied in his own mind that Ray, acting alone, killed Dr. King. On one question he declined to be quoted directly. That concerned motive, which the State in its stipulations had not gone into and was not obligated to prove—whether its case might have been stronger if it had presented some evidence as to motive. But Canale said he has evidence that Ray is a racist. He seemed to agree with Huie's conviction that Ray, before the assassination a criminal of guilty status, was wanted to win fame with a crime of staggering proportions.

Canale and the Memphis police department had run down the fake radio broadcast, which seemed at the time to suggest that Ray had asphyxiated. "It was a hoax," he said. "There was a ten-year-old who had a ham set. . . . I'm satisfied with the investigation of the police department and that they have the person who did it—a young teen-age with a mental problem." The youth apparently had been monitoring the police radio and had put out his fake broadcast to create confusion. He had no connection with Ray.

After the several weeks on which he had been seen at the rooming house John Canale, Canale's investigator, said he had established that the second car, driven by innocent parties, had departed the area before the shooting took place.

One part of the case against Ray had bothered me considerably: the lack of a fingerprint and its viewing the evidence in Memphis. Why had Ray, knowing that his personal belongings were loaded with his fingerprints, dropped that inside of evidence in the doorway of the rooming company when he ran out of the rooming house? He was only a few short years from his sixties. Why had he panicked?

Canale and Canale had the answer to that. A few minutes before the assassination, three police squad cars had stopped at the fire station for coffee, and the policemen had gone inside. From the entrance of the rooming house that day the concrete apron in front of the building was obscured by a row of laundry (it has since been removed), and one of the police cars was parked so that it was stuck out toward Main Street, toward Ray's parked Mustang. Ray had no way of knowing whether the car was occupied (it was not). And it was, the policemen would have seen him however he hid into the Mustang. So he dropped the incriminating evidence. That, at least, is Canale's theory.

The prosecutor also feels that Ray had no actual plan to kill Dr. King that evening, that he probably intended to do so only when the Negro leader passed along Main Street at the last of the day scheduled for the following Monday. But as he considered the notes through his binoculars he saw his opportunity and seized upon it. In fact, escape would have been much more difficult on Monday, and Ray actually had intended on a pickup from which he could save Dr. King's room.

One aspect of the case which Canale says casts grave doubts on the conspiracy theory is that Ray did everything for himself. He bought the car, he bought the room, he bought the binoculars, he rented the room. And he is absolved beyond any doubt on having seen all these things. If there were involved in a conspiracy, Canale says, they would have surfaced somewhere along the line. But all of the evidence suggests that Ray was working alone. His sister of assistants Owens and ever to Huie he told of a shandy "Bard" who was giving him directions, and when he bought the gun he spoke of "going headin'" with a brother. That Bard has never been located, at least not by Huie or the FBI. Or by Canale's men. And there is no evidence in contradiction. Canale said, that suggests the participation of an accomplice.

As for Ray's supposed (re)movements in securing papers in Canada for his flight. (Continued on page 107)

A 100-year-old landlady at a rented house of the late Mustang (with car outside) after a New York Herald photo had been taken earlier.

STUDYING, 1988, 1990, 1992, 1994, 1996, 1998, 2000, 2002, 2004, 2006, 2008, 2010, 2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020, 2022, 2024, 2026, 2028, 2030, 2032, 2034, 2036, 2038, 2040, 2042, 2044, 2046, 2048, 2050, 2052, 2054, 2056, 2058, 2060, 2062, 2064, 2066, 2068, 2070, 2072, 2074, 2076, 2078, 2080, 2082, 2084, 2086, 2088, 2090, 2092, 2094, 2096, 2098, 2100, 2102, 2104, 2106, 2108, 2110, 2112, 2114, 2116, 2118, 2120, 2122, 2124, 2126, 2128, 2130, 2132, 2134, 2136, 2138, 2140, 2142, 2144, 2146, 2148, 2150, 2152, 2154, 2156, 2158, 2160, 2162, 2164, 2166, 2168, 2170, 2172, 2174, 2176, 2178, 2180, 2182, 2184, 2186, 2188, 2190, 2192, 2194, 2196, 2198, 2200, 2202, 2204, 2206, 2208, 2210, 2212, 2214, 2216, 2218, 2220, 2222, 2224, 2226, 2228, 2230, 2232, 2234, 2236, 2238, 2240, 2242, 2244, 2246, 2248, 2250, 2252, 2254, 2256, 2258, 2260, 2262, 2264, 2266, 2268, 2270, 2272, 2274, 2276, 2278, 2280, 2282, 2284, 2286, 2288, 2290, 2292, 2294, 2296, 2298, 2300, 2302, 2304, 2306, 2308, 2310, 2312, 2314, 2316, 2318, 2320, 2322, 2324, 2326, 2328, 2330, 2332, 2334, 2336, 2338, 2340, 2342, 2344, 2346, 2348, 2350, 2352, 2354, 2356, 2358, 2360, 2362, 2364, 2366, 2368, 2370, 2372, 2374, 2376, 2378, 2380, 2382, 2384, 2386, 2388, 2390, 2392, 2394, 2396, 2398, 2400, 2402, 2404, 2406, 2408, 2410, 2412, 2414, 2416, 2418, 2420, 2422, 2424, 2426, 2428, 2430, 2432, 2434, 2436, 2438, 2440, 2442, 2444, 2446, 2448, 2450, 2452, 2454, 2456, 2458, 2460, 2462, 2464, 2466, 2468, 2470, 2472, 2474, 2476, 2478, 2480, 2482, 2484, 2486, 2488, 2490, 2492, 2494, 2496, 2498, 2500, 2502, 2504, 2506, 2508, 2510, 2512, 2514, 2516, 2518, 2520, 2522, 2524, 2526, 2528, 2530, 2532, 2534, 2536, 2538, 2540, 2542, 2544, 2546, 2548, 2550, 2552, 2554, 2556, 2558, 2560, 2562, 2564, 2566, 2568, 2570, 2572, 2574, 2576, 2578, 2580, 2582, 2584, 2586, 2588, 2590, 2592, 2594, 2596, 2598, 2600, 2602, 2604, 2606, 2608, 2610, 2612, 2614, 2616, 2618, 2620, 2622, 2624, 2626, 2628, 2630, 2632, 2634, 2636, 2638, 2640, 2642, 2644, 2646, 2648, 2650, 2652, 2654, 2656, 2658, 2660, 2662, 2664, 2666, 2668, 2670, 2672, 2674, 2676, 2678, 2680, 2682, 2684, 2686, 2688, 2690, 2692, 2694, 2696, 2698, 2700, 2702, 2704, 2706, 2708, 2710, 2712, 2714, 2716, 2718, 2720, 2722, 2724, 2726, 2728, 2730, 2732, 2734, 2736, 2738, 2740, 2742, 2744, 2746, 2748, 2750, 2752, 2754, 2756, 2758, 2760, 2762, 2764, 2766, 2768, 2770, 2772, 2774, 2776, 2778, 2780, 2782, 2784, 2786, 2788, 2790, 2792, 2794, 2796, 2798, 2800, 2802, 2804, 2806, 2808, 2810, 2812, 2814, 2816, 2818, 2820, 2822, 2824, 2826, 2828, 2830, 2832, 2834, 2836, 2838, 2840, 2842, 2844, 2846, 2848, 2850, 2852, 2854, 2856, 2858, 2860, 2862, 2864, 2866, 2868, 2870, 2872, 2874, 2876, 2878, 2880, 2882, 2884, 2886, 2888, 2890, 2892, 2894, 2896, 2898, 2900, 2902, 2904, 2906, 2908, 2910, 2912, 2914, 2916, 2918, 2920, 2922, 2924, 2926, 2928, 2930, 2932, 2934, 2936, 2938, 2940, 2942, 2944, 2946, 2948, 2950, 2952, 2954, 2956, 2958, 2960, 2962, 2964, 2966, 2968, 2970, 2972, 2974, 2976, 2978, 2980, 2982, 2984, 2986, 2988, 2990, 2992, 2994, 2996, 2998, 3000, 3002, 3004, 3006, 3008, 3010, 3012, 3014, 3016, 3018, 3020, 3022, 3024, 3026, 3028, 3030, 3032, 3034, 3036, 3038, 3040, 3042, 3044, 3046, 3048, 3050, 3052, 3054, 3056, 3058, 3060, 3062, 3064, 3066, 3068, 3070, 3072, 3074, 3076, 3078, 3080, 3082, 3084, 3086, 3088, 3090, 3092, 3094, 3096, 3098, 3100, 3102, 3104, 3106, 3108, 3110, 3112, 3114, 3116, 3118, 3120, 3122, 3124, 3126, 3128, 3130, 3132, 3134, 3136, 3138, 3140, 3142, 3144, 3146, 3148, 3150, 3152, 3154, 3156, 3158, 3160, 3162, 3164, 3166, 3168, 3170, 3172, 3174, 3176, 3178, 3180, 3182, 3184, 3186, 3188, 3190, 3192, 3194, 3196, 3198, 3200, 3202, 3204, 3206, 3208, 3210, 3212, 3214, 3216, 3218, 3220, 3222, 3224, 3226, 3228, 3230, 3232, 3234, 3236, 3238, 3240, 3242, 3244, 3246, 3248, 3250, 3252, 3254, 3256, 3258, 3260, 3262, 3264, 3266, 3268, 3270, 3272, 3274, 3276, 3278, 3280, 3282, 3284, 3286, 3288, 3290, 3292, 3294, 3296, 3298, 3300, 3302, 3304, 3306, 3308, 3310, 3312, 3314, 3316, 3318, 3320, 3322, 3324, 3326, 3328, 3330, 3332, 3334, 3336, 3338, 3340, 3342, 3344, 3346, 3348, 33



A Tricky Quiz

by Don Fubon

Fifty trivial questions to kick around a little bit



Multiple Choice

1. The President's favorite soft drink is
a. Pepsi-Cola
b. Sprite
c. 7-Up

2. The President's favorite alcoholic drink is
a. Bloody Mary
b. Martini
c. Rose Collins

3. The President's first car was a
a. Ford
b. Chevrolet
c. Packard

4. The President's father was not
a. an oil driller
b. a farmer
c. a sign painter

5. The household chore the President liked least was
a. washing the dishes
b. mending the curtains
c. sorting the grass

6. The President once played
a. the saxophone
b. the violin
c. the trumpet

7. The President once ran a
a. casual social
b. brown-exchange-party company
c. better-goods store

8. The President once lived in
a. Ford City, Indiana
b. Ottumwa, Iowa
c. LaCrosse, Wisconsin

9. The President once campaigned for
a. a first-day work week
b. a four-year term for U.S. Senators
c. recognition of Red China by U.N.

10. The President's poorest subject in third grade was
a. reading
b. writing
c. math

11. The President's wife once
a. smoked cigarettes
b. sang with Fred Warcup
c. played on a temporary softball team

12. The first thing the President wanted after World War II was
a. a hot Indian sundae
b. fresh omelets
c. some cottage cheese

13. The President has never visited
a. Mexico
b. Baltimore
c. Kalamazoo

14. The name of the President's college football team was
a. the Panthers
b. the Poets
c. the Patriots



True or False

- ☐ 1. The President has an ugly scar and wears glasses.
☐ 2. The President's wife has a large set of various scars on the back of her left leg.
☐ 3. The President has a bathing suit with the Presidential Seal.
☐ 4. The President has a Dictaphone with the Presidential Seal.
☐ 5. The President has a blender with the Presidential Seal.
☐ 6. The President has a music box that plays *Hot To Trot*.
☐ 7. The President has a red, white and blue bedroom.
☐ 8. The President was a Boy Scout.
☐ 9. The President smokes cigars.
☐ 10. The President sticks the bottom of his hat into his trousers.
☐ 11. The President was once a janitor.
☐ 12. The President has not quarreled with his wife since the early days of their marriage.
☐ 13. The President has less than 1500 copies of *Paper*.
☐ 14. The President was in Dallas the day J.F.K. was shot.
☐ 15. The President has recently experienced infrequent headaches.
☐ 16. The President has a surfboard.
☐ 17. The President once ran for election as a Democrat.
☐ 18. The President is a Wildomar College varsity letterman.
☐ 19. The President won \$10,000 playing poker in the Navy.
☐ 20. The President owned a Teddy bear as a child.
☐ 21. The President once owned an Exercise



Fill in the Blanks

1. The President's best bowling score _____
2. The President's favorite record album _____
3. The first and second names of the President's best friend _____
4. The first and second names of the President's wife _____
5. The President's collar size _____ optimum weight _____ favorite color _____
6. The current spelling of the last name of the President's girl who owns a Bahamian island _____
7. The President's Secret Service code name _____
8. The President's favorite building _____
9. The President isolated himself at _____ so was his 1969 acceptance speech
10. The President wrote most of *Sea Cruise* at _____
11. The President saw his first major-league baseball game in the year _____
12. At the present, the President is most comfortable in the key of _____
13. The President's campaign for Governor was managed by _____
14. The President's favorite restaurant in New Orleans is _____ in Southern California _____
15. The President's favorite Christmas song _____



Into the Wood

by John Barville

Where the live things endlessly are

The dead proof, the clasher, as they say, that my family was gone the way of all the world, first as dawn, was the newfound hollowness of the pen-
sions. As my people knew, and lucky they did, there is nothing that will keep the Irish in their place like a well-appointed mansion. They may despise and hate you, but only not if you live here, with plenty of windows up on a hill and beggars just below them be the bulls, dressed into a creeping, expostulating coma. Not because it is a fragile thrillifier. The first unattended house will mean the first stranger behind your back outside the chapel yard, an overgrown garden will bring them gleaning to the gate, and a road left in darkness will see them seeking your land in broad daylight, as now they poached corn, contemptuous not only of the law but even of my father's shotgun, which was no mean threat. That summer he took to rising early, long before dawn, to visit the wood as much of the volume who were detaching his flock. Often I was wakened by his stealthy preparations, the creak of his boots on the stairs, the muffled rattle of castles, that abrupt crack click as he broke the gun over his arm, and in my warm world under the blankets these sounds expressed exactly what I thought to be the comfort, the harmony and the humor of his venture. The side door closed softly behind him, and the silence reorganized itself to await his return. I imagined him moving through the chill black morning, across the heath, slipping into the wood so quietly I hardly noticed him, and then he was no longer what I knew, but became an element of air and darkness, of leaves, thrilling and strange, as my gun burning under the still trees.

Sometimes his safari produced a trophy, and his mouth would be full of his mother's wild-eyed son, by the snuff of the oak and a brace of pheasants over his shoulder, but I never knew him to do anything worse to a poacher than warn him that by and if he ever showed his snout near Breckwood again he would get a backside full of buckshot. Such warnings usually went unheeded, but then I do not really think he would if otherwise, for the birds were only important to him now as bait for this sniffer game. But I remember one morning early I was awakened by a confused clamor in the wood, shouts and halloo and the suddenly evanescent roar of a shotgun, and I scrambled to the window in time to see a little old man with bony legs and a hat pulled down to his ears come crawling out of the trees into the delicately lit dawn garden. His rust green trousers in the dewy grass traced a wide arc behind him as he galloped across the lawn toward the corner

of the house and the line he must have known was there, which struck away around the tip of the wood to the road and escape. In one hand he clutched a dead pheasant, and in the other some other bird, a woodcock perhaps. He was shaking past the fountain when my father, stopping a carriage into his den, stepped through the gap the old boy had broken in the trees. He found from the top. A downstairs window shattered, and someone in the house squealed in sleep terror. The powder fell, and glanced back over his shoulder, while ahead of him a figure in a dressing gown appeared around the corner of the house and stood crumpled in his path, arms outstretched, a human net. It was my grandfather, our Granda. I would swear I heard the clatter of bones as the two old rogues crashed together. The woodcock, rearticulated for one splendid moment, flew straight up between them, shading a gap of feathers in its wake. The powder tossed off my grandfather, stumbled, seized his balance, and as Granda came at him again the man drove back his arm and smacked Granda across the side of the head with the pheasant. More feathers, four Granda tottered, headed over on his back, and the powder spread across his nose badly and disappeared, leaving his hat behind splattered on the grass. Papa reached the unconscious old man, poured down at him, and in pure rage threw up the shotgun and released the second barrel into the wood, blasting a hole in the leaves.

When I got downstairs, my blood-spattered grandfather was being deposited on a couch in the drawing room. Mama, half dressed, walked around in circles, stumped and pale, wringing her delicate pale hands. My father gripped her firmly. It was pointless. She walked the pore from Granda's face and found that most of it was bent blood, though he had the beginnings of a grand smile, and the bird, dead and all as it was, had bitten a neat comma from the rim of his ear. He turned up his eyes and only the whites were visible, and moaned without ceasing. The wall behind the couch was pockmarked with tiny dark holes. A cold wind whipped around our ankles. It was the drawing room my father had shot. He kicked a chair.

"I know his den, I'll get his snout, by god I'll make him beg!" He slumped, eyes popping, mouth still working, and then suddenly he laughed, silently, his shoulders shaking, and turned on his heel and stalked out of the room. Granda smiled.

He never recovered. They turned up his ear, and bathed his black eye back to /Continued on page 114/





How to be the center of attention in a room full of Bobby Shorts, Rita Gams, Rex Reeds, Cynthia O'Neals, Elaine Kaufmans and Bobby and Danny Zarems.

What you see here is Step One in the French Correction. For more, turn to page



The French Correction

Every fashion illustrator knows that the distance from the feet to the belly button should be two and a half times the distance from the belly button to the head. Long and lanky people are more stylized than shorties. Take Radiah, the woman looking down on all the beautiful people on the previous page. In her stocking feet, Radiah stands five feet seven—just another average-size pretty face. But in her amazing elevator shoes, she is transformed into the soaring center of attention at chic parties and openings. (The first time she wore the

shoes to a soiree, society columnist Eugénie Sheppard wrote: "Among the famous party people [was] a seven-foot beauty with a bushy-size Afro....") Radiah's shoes were designed by her boyfriend, French artist Jean-Paul Gaudin, who contends he can make even a slumping look as though he or she just stepped out of a fashion illustration. This can be done by lengthening the legs, squaring the shoulders, straightening the body, even moving the navel a bit. To illustrate the French Correction, Gaudin will remake himself on the pages that follow.

Chaussures à Talon Surélévé

Gaudin makes his elevator shoes from scratch. At right, the patent leather or super-pump have cork heels and sides as well as double-ankle straps for a secure fit.



The shoes Radiah wore to the party (left) added fourteen inches to her legs. Gaudin designed them for effect—not for good looks. They must always be worn under a long skirt. An orthopedic specialist tested them. Radiah has danced on them.

Gaudin's personal shoes (below) have no such lifts on the soles. They make Gaudin to be a reassuring six feet tall. He wears them only on special occasions, when he feels "freeborn."



Four Hommes Seulement

While a woman's elevator shoes can be fully concealed under a floor-length dress, the top of a man's must always show. For men with severe height problems, Gaudin suggests a cork leg extender and drawing jacket. Below, from slumping to erect, in three easy steps.



Chaussures de Tennis à Talon Surélévé

The French Correction works not only by sight. For daytime style, Gaudin recommends putting lifts in sneakers (right). He suggests that the shoes be worn until it's true for a day, then left at water's edge.



Epaulettes

The stylish physique, in addition to having long legs, has square shoulders and a relatively small head ("Almost pushed," says Gaudin). Shaping the shoulders must be done with subtlety—Charles Atlas is not Gaudin's belief; the

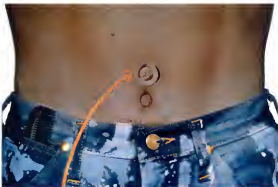
shoulders to strive for are Tony Peronne's (right). The petal is too broad based and bony, not muscle-based. To effect the change, Gaudin suggests putting small shoulder pads in T-shirts, shirts, and sweaters.



Un Nonbrill Artificiel

If the French Correction is anything, it is really following up and Take the belly-button rule stated on page 220. (Goode himself has taken the rule quite literally.) To put the belly button exactly where fashion (Bismarck)

says it should be, Goode devised a glass-on rubber navel (below) which can be attached higher up than the real thing. The natural navel can be hidden by higher-waisted trousers, giving the illusion of longer legs.



Taille Haute

Goode estimates high-appearing three inches

waisted trousers can add an to legs. But what about designed to be worn low and, do-

pending on activities, without a shirt? If you want to be stylish, but insist on wearing jeans, the rubber belly button is your only hope. Just follow the principles below.



At left, two pairs of jeans were below the navel (as they should be). In the first case, they are worn below the natural navel in the second below the phony (and higher) one. The artificial navel permits you to wear higher-waisted jeans. It is obvious which body is more appealing and stylish.



The position of the navel is of no consequence with respect to regular slacks. For the longer-looking legs possible, slacks should cover the shoes and the navel should be as high as necessary. Very high slimmer shoes demand very wide pants legs. At left, the wrong way and the right way.

Dents Régulières

There is nothing," Goode says, "more natural and less stylish than man's teeth, or artificial teeth. Teeth should never detract from the physiognomy." Fresh Sweden has great teeth, large, even, and

very white. To make Bismarck's teeth available to the masses, Goode constructed a set of chip-on plastic jaws modeled after the King's. Goode's dentures eliminate the small, the snaggle, and the yellow forever.



Above, the most stylish teeth in the world according to Goode, only one other person's at once (below). Richard Widmark's.



At left, a good example of what Goode requires to his teeth body in need of a fix—his own. Two things require attention: the teeth are uneven and the incisors are too small.

Made of very thin plastic, Goode's remodeled dentures can be obtained now like fronts of real teeth. Goode doesn't claim he can actually show with them, they are solely for the purpose of smiling at Beautiful People.



Here are Goode's creations set in position. They should not be considered at close range." As says, "Out at parties and evenings they have really been quite effective."

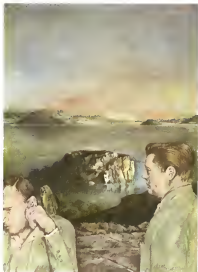
Et Voilà!

Goode will not guarantee that if you diligently follow the basic steps of the French Correction a lady on the beach will refrain from looking mad in pose face. He does feel, however, that nobody at a party will ever drop ashes on your shoes. Longer legs, broader shoulders, higher navels and straighter teeth are fundamental adjustments everyone can enjoy (right). But once those measures are achieved, there are other customizing techniques available. For example, Goode is presently working on a mock eyebrow scar, the same as Marlon Brando had in the film *Westfront*. He is developing a line of rubber noses designed to give the person without one a noble Greek profile. For the more adventurous, he is perfecting padded Jockey shorts to fill out and shape

trousers. For black women, he has already come up with large artificial facial scars, the kind real African natives have (December 1970 *Esquire*). And to make everyone look better (ie at least "Goode"), he is planning to operate a chic body shop out of his parlorhouse studio in New York. All personal improvements will be made in strictest confidence by appointment only, *don't* etc.



Photograph by Michel Fournier



Eight Meetings

by Thomas Hentley

When good friends get together

I

We sat in the bar at a seaside hotel, looking out at the emerald cove, the white raze of surf, the jagged black rocks like the hulls of stranded ships. The fog lay wet to sea, a high wall in two quite distinct layers—the lower dark blue, the upper fringing white. I was drinking a gin-fizz.

"Do you suppose there is a demon which plagues the creature soul?" Ramon asked. "I haven't been able to work for six months."

"I haven't worked well for several weeks myself," said Morien. His remark occasioned an awkward silence, for there were those among us who thought Morien never worked well.

"One hates to utter such banalities," said Wynne, "but sometimes one has the feeling that it's all been done—that there's just nothing left to write about."

Tanya smiled and looked away. Tanya was a poetess but she never showed anyone her work. If she published at all it was under a man's name. No one knew what sort of thing she did, and we were all terribly curious; we were sure her poems must be very fine.

Bert, an architect, looked bored. He was the only one among us who was not a writer, and we all knew his quip of writers. Bert was a very successful architect. His buildings had sprouted all across the city and had virtually ruined its distinctive and charming life. I was sure we all despised Bert.

"Look," someone said, "out there—just off that next point. Aren't those whales?"

We all looked. After a moment I saw something white, or a very light grey, surface and instantly disappear. Then another, and another.

"Yes," Morien said. "I believe they are whales."

"I think so," echoed Julian, "although it's rather late for them, isn't it?"

"I've heard you could see whales from here," said Kurt, "but I never believed it. How very disappointing."

"Darling," Wynne asked me, "are you staying over

the night, or will you be going back to the city with the others?"

"I shall go back," I said.

II

We were at a large table on the open deck alongside the yacht club, looking across the bay at the distant whiteness of the city. The sun was warm where we sat, but blotches of fog were already creeping beneath the bridge at the entrance to the harbor. Sailboats and cruisers rode softly at anchor below us. Gulls landed and hovered overhead. I was drinking martini.

"God, the city looks lovely from here," said young Lynn, who was prone to enthusiastic utterances.

"Yes," said Julian. "From this distance, Bert's skyscrapers are nearly as good, aren't they?"

Bert had taken Scott and Kurt out in his carboat. We were always more comfortable when he was out of the way.

"How are you getting along with your demon?" Morien asked Ramon.

Ramon stroked his handsome beard. The hair on his arms was dark and curly, like his beard, like the hair that showed at his half-open shirt. "I am trying to befriend it," he said. "I've made several successful offerings. I'm trying to find out what it wants."

"What sort of sacrifices?" Wynne asked. "Not human, I hope."

One never knew about Ramon.

"Even more precious," Ramon said. "I'm burning manuscripts."

"Good heavens," Cynthia said, "that's rather drastic, isn't it?"

Ramon shrugged. "Only my very early stuff so far. But I've become desperate. The demon has me by the throat. It's dreadful."

Tanya smiled softly to herself. I saw her looking out across the bay, her beautiful green eyes like promise stones. I wondered if she heard her new

poems as none as they were finished, before anyone could see them.

A girl had landed on the wooden railing beside our table. Martin sharply offered the girl a cigarette. The girl nipped back, as if affronted. Then it stretched forward its long neck and its long back picked the smoker delicately from Martin's fingers.

We all laughed.

"Do you, that's good!" cried young Lyons.

The girl, frightened by our outburst, flew away. The woman automatically covered their heads.

Julian took my hand beneath the table. "Are you going to Bert's housewarming party?" he asked me.

"I shiver Bert," I said.

"But the party might be rather fun," Julian said.

"I shiver housewarmings," I said. "Besides, I have no gift."

Tanya turned to smile at me with her beautiful eyes, and I felt as if we had grown closer.

III

We were in the Crown Room of the Ruyala Hotel.

"All these tourists," Julian said. "All these fat middle-aged conventionalities. It's goddam depressing."

"Whatever did we come here for?" Winnie asked.

"One can't see a thing today."

It was true. The fog was in and all we could see, really, was the tower of the hotel just across from us.

The two hotels, with their lap-fur cocktail lounges, looked at one another like wary behemoths. Occasionally a pair of limousines would scurry the gilded peaks of the revolving hotel.

I was drinking a Manhattan and not very pleased with it.

"Tell us about your father, Ramon," Kurt said.

"Have you managed to please him?"

Ramon smiled out at the fog. "Ah," he said. "Ah."

"My own work in going very badly this summer," Julian said.

"I'm afraid I'm afraid I have to change my environment."

He looked quickly at me to see if I would mind his name and I tried to show him with a careful smile that I would not.

"I feel," said Winnie, "that we are all haunted by some transient atmosphere. Suppose the world ended tomorrow..."

"Well, it would give us something to write about," laughed Scott.

"Perhaps it already has ended," suggested Kurt. "I can't see a blessed thing down there, can you?"

"No, no," Winnie said. "What I mean is, suppose it did end? Would any of us matter?"

"I shall say my dearest," Ramon said. "I am beginning to believe he is a very wise deacon."

"Why use the masculine?" Cynthia asked, seductively.

"Perhaps you are possessed by a female demon," Ramon laughed. "I hadn't thought of that. You may be right, Cynthia." One could see that he was immensely cheered. "Now I shall know how to deal with her."

We laughed, all of us but Tanya. I wondered if Tanya had ever slept with Ramon.

"I want to buy a painting for my new apartment," young Lyons said to me. "Would you like to go to a gallery at two with me tomorrow? For sure you must have admirable taste."

"Oh, I have very bad taste, I'm afraid," I said. "Besides, I promised myself I would work tomorrow!"

"You see still work at least?" he asked.

"Sometimes," I said, and tried to catch Tanya's distant gaze.

"Pige!" Julian said. "A lot of disgusting pige! I don't think we should come here anymore. It's not pleasant here anymore."

IV

At a restaurant on the beach we watched the sands. There was no fog that day and we could see the dark, shivering, shapeless animals sunning themselves on the black rocks. The waves of the sea were blue and white and the air in the room where we sat was hot and oppressive, but the beach coffee was quite good.

Ramon was not with us. We were all a bit relieved, since he seemed to carry his demons about with him even whenever he went and it had become quite depressing.

"Of course it's absurd to say that it's all been done," Julian observed. "The world changes. New things are continually happening. Each of us is a unique individual, I'm sure, seeing things in a unique way. Originality is a myth, you know. What matters is truth to one's own perceptions."

"But art is not truth," said Kurt. "Hardly we all know by now that art has nothing to do with truth whatsoever."

"Or perhaps it is the only truth," said Cynthia.

"That's the safest thing," said Kurt. "The point is, art mustn't imitate life. It must go on down war. Art and life have nothing whatsoever in common. Surely that must be obvious."

Morton squirmed uncomfortably. "As for myself," he said, "I still like the certain original originality in fiction. I mean, a lot of the old standards still apply. One has to be a conscious first of all."

We all knew that Morton grided himself on his craftsmanship, his novels, all perfectly crafted, all perfectly conventional, all severely successful. Morton resembled the fact that he was not taken seriously among the cognoscenti, the felt such a prodigious output satisfied him to a certain amount of respect.

"Don't you ever wish," Winnie asked, "that you had become a fat maker or something?" I mean, anything where there are still lots of creative possibilities? Anything besides a novelist?"

"No," said Morton.

"I do admire some of Antonia's things," said Julian, "but Felix is a disaster."

"All true artists are disasters," Kurt said. "This goes without saying. I would like to have been a magazine—editor, perhaps even a nightman."

"Then you could have mediated between Ramon and his deacon," said Scott, laughing.

Tanya was watching the sands.

"You were young once," Ramon said. "You know," he asked, "what, when, and how said male?"

"Good Lord, no," said Julian.

"Well, I think there are two of them making out there right now," said young Lyons.

"Two poor things," Winnie said. "Perhaps we shouldn't look."

Tanya turned back to us with a tragic smile. "It's over," she said.

V

"I was sorry you didn't come to my housewarming," said Bert. "We missed you."

I mumbled an incoherent apology. We had met, quite by accident, at the aquarium. (No place safe? I wondered.) It was a weekday afternoon and the aquarium was crowded with touring schoolchildren. We sat in a bench at a dark corner, and I felt offered me his back. It was warm, cooling Bert.

"Do you come here often?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Only when I can't work."

"Oh, then you won't be longed as well, ha?"

I watched the long dark simple shapes, passing and reappearing in their Wanda-like tank. "I don't talk about my work," I said. "It's bad luck."

"You know," he said. "I'm glad I'm not a writer. You all seem to have such desperate times—no interest, no money, the absence of the sharks—" "Progress?"

"Life is short," I said, taking a swig of his vodka, "but art is long."

Bert sighed. "You're haired about young Lyons, I suppose."

"No. What about him?"

"Sheet home! Last Thursday. He rather laughed the job, though. They may be he'll permanently blind, but that's terrible!"

"Terrible," I said. The cries of the schoolchildren echoed in the dark building, adesso within school, like electric waves.

"You don't seem very moved for the poor fellow?"

Bert said. "He had you a lot."

"Have you seen the porpoise?" I asked. "They're quite amusing."

"I've decided to leave my wife," Bert said.

"That's the safest thing," said Kurt. "The point is, art mustn't imitate life. It must go on down war. Art and life have nothing whatsoever in common. Surely that must be obvious."

For the children, you know. It was a mistake. She's loved them against me, the brick. All my looks are either little good-looking-outings. Are you going to the lake, the Swedish?"

"No," I said. "I'm not to death of the lake. Look—they're about to feed the sharks."

VI

At the Alpine Chalet we were all quite drunk, still in the upstairs cocktail lounge swiveling our table at ten p.m. I was on my fourth chocolate.

"You look dreadful," Winnie said to Ramon. "Is it your deacon?"

"I haven't slept in weeks," Ramon said. "She's destroyed me, but let it be. If only I could discover what she's doing."

"Your gorgeous body, obviously," said Julian, with his characteristic smirk.

"We want to keep you from writing," Cynthia said. "It's very simple—all you have to do is reasonable literature forever and you won't be free of her."

Ramon declined his large set. His dark latex eyes shone magnificently. "Never," he said. "Never."

"The problem is as I see it," said Scott, "in where does one go from here? Have all the technical possibilities of the future really been exhausted?"

"Of course they have," said Julian. "The scientific form is a dry blinder."

"How very creative," said Cynthia, batting her false eyelashes.

"What the hell are we going to get a goddam table?" Morton wanted to know.

I gazed out the window at the lights of the city. I could see a section of the bridge and, across the dark chasm of the water, the twinkling line of the airport, like a beam of signs on a black velvet gown.

"And really," said Winnie, "what is there left to write about? God is dead. The family is dead. Society has lost its consciousness. Sex has been exploited to the point at which no self-respecting writer would touch it. One gets so weary of abstractions, that not only I."

"I think we've about worn out abstractions," Julian said. "I don't know if you best. Actually, we still have Gnosticism, which takes us back to Ramon again."

I looked across the table and missed Tanya, who was not with us tonight.

Julian was now feeling frisky, had removed a string of cressets from the wall and draped them over his bare shoulders. "Mao," he said, making a row time and shoving his shoulder to irritate the balls. "Mao!"

"Morton," Julian observed, "you're an ass."

VII

It was the first time I had been in Tanya's apartment. It was strikingly furnished in black and gold, with numerous ornate objects that which I openly admired.

Through the bay windows I could see a tall palm tree with its grey beard of dead branches and the demanding rooftops of Puerto Rico. The blue bay was punctuated with sail like white comets, and the center for him back at the bridge, as if awaiting an invitation to enter.

Tanya sat, Calista, perched in my lap. We were drinking cheap red wine to poison the high of the mother we had shared.

"Have you ever built a black?" Tanya asked me.

"No," I said.

"Neither have I," Tanya said. "There's so much I haven't done."

She was totally naked, reclining on the dewan across from me in a glow of golden sunlight. Her body was wondrously masculine for an so young, the curve of her hip like an artist's inspired line, the lower slope of her belly a sculptor's dream. I thought her pose must be like her body, lush and perfect, a bowl of fruit.

"Gimme your rear, would you? It's like to be blind," she asked me.

"Yes," I said, "since young Lyons."

"Ah, poor young Lyons," she said. "Poor Ramon. Poor Julian. Poor everybody."

"Poor Calista," I said, shaking the cat's soft back fur. I could feel Calista's breast whirling against my leg as he purred. I could see his arched, long red marks, on Tanya's chest, between her delicate breasts.

"Do you suppose there'll be another earthquake here sometime?" she asked me. "I mean, a really strong, devastating one? Would that be lovely?"

Calista leaped from my lap and sprang lightly to the window. Tanya slid off the dewan and began to crawl toward me across the ornate rug. Her dark hair fell down across her eyes. A strand hung softly to the side of her mouth, down to her neck lower by. Her eye showed me enormous hunger. I saw her long white back with its deeply shadowed spine.

I wished there were some way to make Tanya show me her poems, now that we were lovers.

VIII

"Ramon has gone back to Brazil," Sidney said. Being glowered on his pulpy fingers as he lit one of his fifty cigarettes.

We were in the Virgin, crowded very close together in the steel cab. Bert pressed against me on one side, Morton on the other. Across the table from us Tanya was fanned by Scott and Julian. Scott had his arm around Tanya. Julian kept trying to catch my eye. I tipped my signal.

"Do you," said Winnie. "I suppose he'll finally lose his deacon in Brazil?" Winnie asked.

"I think he brood to learn it in the States," Kurt said.

"I envy him immensely," Jules said. "I've been pining for a change of scene after for some time now. We've made up all the old scenes in this old hotel."

"There were many good (Continued on page 254)

Power Corrupts

by Osborn Segerberg Jr.

But the question before the T.V.A. is, must cheap electric power corrupt absolutely?

In September, 1933, two years after President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the bill creating the Tennessee Valley Authority, Senator George Norris went for a boat ride on Norris Lake behind the dam also named for himself. As T.V.A. Chairman David Lilienthal wrote in his *Jeremiad*, Norris "looked at the dam and at the sun's rays were cutting across it toward sunset, he said, 'Gosh, if dams take a long time and a lot of work to put ready.' This is an interesting clue to his point of view because all of this work is preliminary to the production of power and electricity which is the thing that he thinks of when he thinks about the T.V.A. The other things to him are interesting activities."

Five years later, however, F.D.R. complained: "The damned newspaper has made it out that T.V.A. is simply a power agency. Now that isn't the fact. We aren't just providing navigation and flood control and power. We are relieving land and human beings." And they were relieved. Today, behind the captain's forty or so power-producing dams, lakes attract water skiers, swimmers, fishermen, campers, recreation developers. Stimulated commerce and diversified industry radiate prosperity so that the standard of living in the region has climbed at a rate fifty percent above the national average. Nevertheless, in the long run, Senator Norris' view of the real priorities of T.V.A. prevailed over F.D.R.'s. As of June 30, 1976, T.V.A.'s net investment in power assets amounted to \$2,855,599,000; its net investment in non-power assets slightly more than \$508,000,000. Its 1976 power expenses were \$335,000,000 with power revenues totaling \$483,000,000 for a net income of \$15,000,000. Net expenses for non-power programs in fiscal 1976 were \$36,000,000.

T.V.A. is a powerhouse of statistics. But the ones it seems to favor most today emphasize the magnitude of its power production. In 1976, for the first time the system supplied more than 100,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electricity. T.V.A. has about 30,000,000 kw of installed capacity—more than double the capacity of Con Edison, which supplies New York City—and another 50,000,000 kw scheduled to go on the line by 1978. Average residential use of electricity in the region has grown from 800 kw-hr. in 1935, when the average rate was 57 cents per kw-hr., to 14,400 kw-hr. in 1976—more than double the average consumption for the nation. The average residential customer in the T.V.A. area pays about one cent per kw-hr., one half the national average. This cheap, generously used electricity is the key to the revival of the Tennessee Valley.

What generally goes unrecognized is that more than eighty percent of T.V.A.'s power now comes not from dams but from its eleven steam plants, with the proposition of hydroelectric power dwindling at the large T.V.A. started out as a barometer of rivers. By the

end of the World War II, most of the suitable hydro-power sites had been utilized, while the demand for electricity kept increasing. In order to keep growing in the postwar period, T.V.A. was forced to turn to steam plants, and to much enlarge its watershed for the coal to run them. The resort to coal profoundly altered the character of T.V.A., for while water power is free once the dams are built, coal is bought in the market.

In 1961, T.V.A. became embroiled in a nasty episode of publicity involving a complicated contract suit bought by east Tennessee and east Kentucky coal operators charging a conspiracy to advance the fortunes of big mechanized mines in western Kentucky. In one of a Pulitzer Prize-winning series of articles in *The Nashville Tennessean*, a state representative charged that in order to sell to T.V.A. the small coal operators "literally have cut wages to the point that kids go hungry." Another *Tennessean* article said T.V.A. used mechanized coal because it is produced more cheaply. "And T.V.A. votes it is bound by federal law to choose the lowest bidder on all coal contracts."

The simmering quarrel between T.V.A. and the coal industry boiled over in 1959 with shrinking fuel supplies and T.V.A.'s announcement of a new rate increase. T.V.A. blamed the rate hike in large part on skyrocketing coal prices. Chairman Aubrey Wagner, who in 1962 succeeded to the job first held by Lilienthal, accused the industry of "a gross lack of planning."

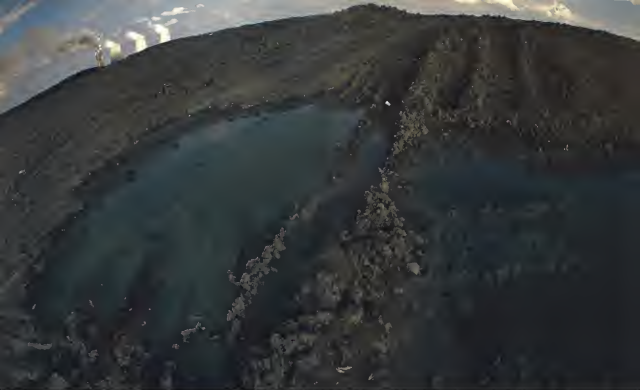
In this case of essential public needs," T.V.A. customers, chastised at the go-to, were sent into Washington to get to the truth of the matter. A National Coal Association official told them bluntly: "The days of cheap energy are gone."

In a more restrained tone, NCA executive representative James Gurney told the Senate Labor Committee in September, 1970, "T.V.A.'s great ability to use its monopoly purchasing power got T.V.A. into the habit of taking advantage of the coal industry's distressed condition caused by its overproductive capacity. As a result, T.V.A. took its shocking and unacceptable to pay a fair price for coal." Gurney observed, "In the eastern section, T.V.A. has (following its practice of accepting the lowest bid) taken advantage of the willingness of non-carrier coal companies to 'cross the rubicon.' T.V.A. in its eastern section has lived off the very inexpensive coal which could be, and was, obtained from strip mining the northern part of the hills."

It made good economic sense for T.V.A. to use strip-mined coal. A road-construction bus could take off one week, go into the hills with a bulldozer, power shovel, and a few men, and be a coal operator the next week. It takes fewer men to strip, less for ton, a man employed in strip mining produces in five times as much coal and at about one third the cost as the state man working in a deep mine. And the men prefer



This is Dan Gibson and his .22 rifle...



... between them they have prevented strip-mining from turning their piece of the green hills

of Kentucky into the above: a power plant in some other Kentucky hills, formerly green.

stripping; a strip miner need not risk his life or his health underground. Moreover, the entire score of coal can be removed; this is not possible in a conventional mine. All this means cheap coal. In 1951, when the price for Kentucky coal was four dollars a ton, T.V.A. was purchasing supplies at not least one cent less for July than rate. T.V.A. estimates that the cost of coal amounts is two thirds of the cost of power production. Cheap coal means cheap electricity.

When T.V.A. possessed the suitably cautious electric utility industry watched, waited, then followed. With the savings derived from cheap coal in the early 1950's, strip mining went big time. "A monster 100-acre-per-acre shovel dug enough to dwarf a turn-of-the-century 'picture' machine in a picture of a coalfield on T.V.A.'s Paradise steam plant in Drakesburg, Kentucky, currently the largest in the world. "It is the largest self-propelled land vehicle in history, and can scoop up, smug and dump a third of a million pounds of earth at a time," T.V.A. declared the brochure in the early 1950's. Today's technology has provided shovels half again as large, able to take two hundred-cubic-yard bites. But the Paradise plant, with a rated generator capacity of 2,500,000 kilowatts, is still the largest.

The Paradise plant has no geographical relationship whatever to the Tennessee Valley. Its location in west central Kentucky is explained by the fact that it is our first "mine mouth" plant. "This plant burns 21,000 tons of coal a day," a record proudly told us. "It's sitting right on a bed of coal."

The land surrounding the Paradise plant must be one of the most devastated areas in the United States. Approaching the plant is like entering a combat zone. Kentucky's Senator John Sherman Cooper described it "this way in questioning Chairman Wagner at a committee hearing in Washington in April, 1950: "I don't know that I can say that it is your fault, but one of the purposes, as I understand it, of the T.V.A. is that it deals with conservation and tries to make a better environment. Yet in Montgomery County and One County, where Pheoby Coal strip-mines—I think it is the second largest company in the United States—these counties look like what we once thought the surface of the moon would look like—terrible."

I asked Chairman Wagner and Information Director Paul Brown how T.V.A. could be associated with the kind of environment that surrounds the Paradise plant. They explained that not all the coal stripped from the area goes to that particular plant (Pheoby is mining 45,000-60,000 tons over a seventeen-year period), that the land mined for T.V.A. is being reclaimed and that the area was nothing but scrub brush or strip mines before the plant was built, anyway.

Although neither man said it, the T.V.A.'s mandate was to rehabilitate the Tennessee Valley, not to worry about Kentucky. A comparable Kentucky Valley Authority undoubtedly would have utilized its own resources, coal. Without cheap Kentucky coal many of T.V.A.'s present accomplishments never would have come to pass. Two thirds of T.V.A.'s coal comes from Kentucky—more than 18,000,000 tons from the west, 8,000,000 tons from the east, in all more than twenty percent of the coal consumed in the United States.

The strip mining that is conducted in the flat, rolling country of western Kentucky, where the Paradise plant is situated, is known as area mining. Here, as in Ohio or Illinois, the bar of coal may lie within thirty to ninety feet of the surface. A superpowerful digger grates the trench. The topsoil and other material, piled the over-

burden, are piled alongside the trench. Then smaller shovels scoop out the coal. When the area mine has been removed, a parallel cut is made, with the overburden deposited into the first trench. And so on, so that the land is transformed into a washboard of ridges and valleys like a giant's plowed field.

In mountainous country, another mining is practiced. This corresponds to the L-shaped cut made for a highway along a hillside. First, bulldozers clear trees, brush and vegetation. Dynamite blasting loosens the earth, then shovels and dumpers remove the overburden, forming what is called a bench, what would be the roadway if a road were there, joined at right angles to what is called a breast. Still there is no place to put the overburden; the machine has been to dump the broken trees, stumps, boulders and earth material over the side of the hill. The exposed layer of coal is lifted out by shovels, loaded onto trucks and carried away. The deeper the miners cut into a hillside, the taller the breast becomes. It is removed when the exposed strata show thirty to fifty feet.

At this point, super mining may commence. Drills are to sever feet in diameter like an ax or sawyer push into the mountain, the steel blades peeling out the coal. Stripping is the furthest growing method for mineral extraction, particularly for coal. It accounted for only five percent of coal mining in 1951, in the early 1950's when T.V.A. came into the market, the figure was twenty-five percent; now strip and super mining are up to forty-four percent.

Until the 1940's strip mining was unknown to the mountain people whose grandfathers had mined so-called "bond farm" deeds with the coal companies. For ridiculously low prices—around fifty cents an acre—the natives gave the companies title to all coal, oil, gas and minerals underground, and authorized them to build roads and other structures whenever they wanted it, as well as to risk whatever timber they needed. The mountaineers watched the rape of their land with occasional protests to violence and action to law—the latter futile, since even the rare local victories against coal operators were doomed to eventual defeat. If the coal came to the state's highest courts? When other states held that landowners could not have intended to sell the right to mine their land by a process unknown at the time the deeds were drawn, Kentucky's seven-judge Court of Appeals nullified the broad form in 1936. Another test case was brought in 1965. Not only was the landowner denied damages inflicted by mining, but the rights of the coal operator were extended by the ruling of a four-judge majority, which held: "It appears to us that if, as we in substance are holding, the mineral owner bought and paid for the right to destroy (in phrases added) the surface in a good faith exercise of the right to remove the minerals, then there is no basis upon which there could rest an obligation to pay damages for increasing that right." In 1970, Kestel County, one of the counties most desperately affected, imposed a ban on strip mining as a public nuisance, but the state's attorney general ruled that the procedure was inconsistent with legal precedent.

If the law offers no redress to the mountaineers, neither does T.V.A. In the Summer of 1976 Leslie Overaker of the Paul Foundation, Vernon Rader of the New World Foundation and Eli Stern of the Carnegie Corporation talked to Mrs. Vernon Barnett who lives with her husband below Yellow Creek Mine near Anson, Kentucky. The three men wrote about their encounter in a letter to Frank Smith, a T.V.A. director. "We asked her what it [continued on page 288]

Two Up on Francis Macomber

In the first place, Macomber went on safari armed to the teeth—Hemingway wouldn't have had it any other way. But the men you see below and on the next seven pages preformed the updated, more humane safari. They went into the bush to take pictures. Macomber didn't look half so stylish, either, no matter how he tried. He didn't have available the variety of safari-styled sports clothes the designers have now brought

out to please outdoor types. Besides the current pervasiveness of the big game look, these pictures demonstrate the new importance of "put together," or the haphazard combination of disparate tops and bottoms. The photos were taken on a trip to Gorongosa, a game preserve in central Mozambique. You get there by flying to Beira, then by chartered plane to the interior. As to what to pack, take a look



Arrived in Mozambique, also called Portuguese East Africa, the travelers sport ensembles like most gamebirds who inspired by the safari idea. Each contains subtle differences in styling and cut by Zouche, who also provided the boots, hats and shirts. Discreet design contrasts with ready-to-wear clothes in this New York store and the safari-inspired look in with in Worcester, Radio City, or wherever. The luggage is by Etonline.



The very popular Saint Tropez military look has captured sportswear with these cotton camouflaged uniforms from J. F. Seawson. Left: shirt, hat and suede boot pants by Jackie Rogers; belt by Pinckney; zip boots with suede lining by Fibrestate. Second man wears shirt suit by Sils; Wrangler Sportswear belt by Frank; boots by Fibrestate. Right: cotton zip-print safari suit and hat by Rogers; belt by Frank; boots by Romagosa.



While the elephants search for food, the safari men check out only to save their companions, which is the department of another elephant who didn't like their looks. Left: safari shirt and pants suit by Jackie Rogers; belt and boots by Fibrestate. Second man wears shirt suit by Sils; Wrangler Sportswear belt by Frank; boots by Fibrestate. Third: safari shirt and hat by Rogers; belt by Frank; boots by Romagosa.



Top: a safari inspired rain jacket of polyester and cotton by London Fog. Below left: printed shirt by Jocko Rogers, cotton-hat shirt by Robert Graham. Below right: Kimono, French & Saksbury. Center: First Republic's safari shirt and shirt of polyester and cotton woven, both by Canterbury. Right: cotton-cotton shirt by Saksbury, wavy-hat shirt by Nix Nix, Indian floral print jacket and Indian hat by Canterbury.



At left, an unconstructed safari suit of double-faced cotton denim in a reverse floral print by George W. Deane; shirt hat by Saksbury; cotton shirt by Saksbury; wavy-hat shirt by Nix Nix. Center: Saksbury's safari shirt and wavy-hat shirt by Saksbury; hat by Saksbury; printed hat by Saksbury. Right: a cotton jacquard shirt hat by Saksbury. Below: hat by Nix Nix, wavy-hat by Saksbury.



Photographed with Congolese go-boys and families, the travelers spent from left: a mid-ten safari suit with slumped bellows pockets and jungle-print shirt by John Wicks; a cotton dress; safari pants with camouflaged, including the Minnie Mouse for Diamond; jungle-print and flared shirt by Crayon; a silk belted cotton safari suit with contrast piping, chamberlain hat, shirt, by Robert Graham.

Photography by John MacWherry



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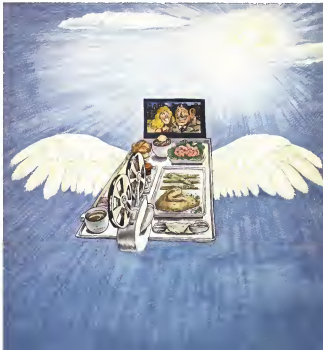
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for quality, with cast aluminum construction, virgin acrylic luminaires that are ultraviolet stabilized, and a unique post system that gaps the post from the inside to resist tampering. □ For all the facts on Hideo's Contemporary 4400 Series, see your



"When my time comes, I hope no one knows my years of their mistaken love and fills them with remorseful tears. I want to go to hell with a clean conscience in the arms of my worthy God."

"Mother, just a simple painless loss of my soul is not up of it. Find a place where a true is gained and return me to suffer. When the seven hours, I stand enough it will be a great relief. I will be sure I've taken. Maybe someday you'll know in my brother or a vision might call up to my track or the birds can sing and from my heart. At any rate, I would rather let my soul go than my body's life in a world like this. I'm satisfied."

Estimated mean score 1918 slide...

coaches-terrorsman—is the real significance of the August 15th affair. To Jagan, then, the striking exposure was "anarchy, anarchy, and more anarchy." Theory and practice, strategy and tactics were based on his read on actual confrontation: within "this" particular historical development. He must have understood that Joes [people's] army actually had no hidden and essential, operating where the objective conditions, his conviction, already existed and had

For revolutionaries already raised and nurtured for a dozen decades, would they survive and grow if, at the same time, the Black Panther political apparatus continued to develop its subterranean infrastructure. Proof of his theory was built right into the action: five desperado men were offered arms as a means to freedom—three took them.

Proof of the role of law within the totalitarian-authoritarian system was

Officialdom does not see 1045. Does come!

Continued from page 2192. Democrats with the proven ability to write the essential elements of a Democratic victory: the South, labor unions, and ethnic minorities.

Labels which supported both Johnson's domestic and foreign policies would be a rare thing for Spindler, a simple iteration of the unemployment figures would stun it. Blacks and browns could count on Johnson's achievements with the Supreme Court appointments and Justice Departmental behavior of Nixon and Marshall. They would still prefer conservatives to start a fourth party, a few voices of, say, Nixon's Chamberlain speak or the inflated words of Spiro Agnew would scare most of them back to the Democrats. As for the rest, a handful of radicals, Yippies, and New York liberals attacking Johnson

should help London, by understanding the "world" more. They apparently would give London a sense of modernity that would warm the hearts of Brezhnev and Kossygin.

"When I was President," he continues, "Red China was out of the U.N. today, the People's Communist China is

men reject himself, hate the self and even himself. By so doing he accomplishes a form of individual revolt, but here again we find another unconscious factor—namely, the unconscious desire for a new socialized incompleteness of bourgeois culture. We can not escape the simply evident reality that the man who is not afraid of dying is going to death the conqueror. An armed soldier cannot be injured. Gandhi and the guru were not all about facts I would recently be dead if, when critical facts were at hand, I had not been able to get in touch with them. I would have to have been a Nietzsche in Mithras worship, I have enemies like the son of a bitch who is not afraid of death. In 1901, when the situation was attacked, we had all the weapons. I would have to run into trouble who have like Nietzsche's. Edgar Kerner's enemies without being a Nietzschean, I would have to have enemies as institutions and step men with violent attitudes in them, even if that institution is only a stage. If revolution means the destruction of the self, and the self is the center of the world, then the center does not exist.

I don't think the enemy can be identified any more exactly than the Proust character can be made in the form of a person. I don't think I can do without two great in hand. I'm going to hate him and all the others, though death in any situation is only a relief. I don't think I can do without two great in hand, but he and the others who might be the end of the world of the principal representative institution of the enemy. They did not have real enemies.

I paraphrase Castro as usual after Kennedy: "I want you, gentlemen, I have only begun!"

at the United Nations and the Harold Roosevelt. Chinese agents walk the streets of New York. There were no bureaucratic wage and price controls slowing the free enterprise movement."

The editorialists of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Daily News* would have a hard time rebutting that kind of campaign.

An Irish E.B.J.'s choice of swimming waters, there are two desirable possibilities. First, Edward Kennedy, who would be under strict pressure to reciprocate for what Johnson did in 1960: "I took several plane to Jack Kennedy in 1960 and that was him the election," Johnson could say. "I campaigned for Bobby in 1964 when he ran 1,500,000 votes behind me in New York. Now I'm asking you to return the favor. I'm only eligible for one term, then the White House is yours in 1976, when you need it anyway."

If Teddy confesses, Johnson would then turn to another Democrat with strong labor and minority appeal, with a record of electoral success: Harry Truman. He is eligible under the 1964 Amendment, and his one word will bring out America's 20,000,000 senior citizens to back the man who first proposed National Health care more than twenty years ago. For anti-big-business doctors—counted though it may be—this is the

that black extremists were behind the move.

"You have to know a little bit about the background of this thing. There's a power struggle going on among the black people in the Chicago area. It's being waged on two levels. Martin Luther King, Ray Wilkins, and Wilkins Young are the symbols of moderation, of nonviolence. They're getting a very big black audience, money which in my judgment is financed by Red Cross and Castro. They're paying recruits every day, and they're indoctrinating that black men themselves and start shooting whites, start a shooting war. In order for them to win, I've heard, the nonviolence, the Black Star leaders, had to be disposed of. In my judgment that was the basic, underlying reason for the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King.

"You check with your police departments in Detroit, Chicago, Washington, Los Angeles and Memphis. They tell you that the coming of Dr. King to these cities posed a great security problem. They said to me—was old Martin Luther King afraid of a black leader or a white person was going to kill him? But King was scared to death of the black militant groups that were beginning to lead. They had taken over Los Angeles and they had chased him out of Detroit. And usually one week prior to his shooting, Dr. King started to lead a parade in Memphis and a black man had jumped in and tried to kill him. Memphis police forced him down to the Soldiers' Government line and kept him in isolation and isolation, under tight security, for a day or two and then got him flown out of town. . . . And you should know that the Black Star had three black referees were indicted for conspiracy to murder Martin Luther King of the Urban League and Ray Wilkins of the S. A. C. P. and tried on charges of this. I suppose there're in the penitentiary now.

"Q: "All this about black militant is important to the King assassination—is this solely theory on your part?"

A: "It is based on everything I know."

Q: "And how close James Earl Ray is to this?"

"They were very close, and he had no idea who was behind it. I know that James Earl Ray did not fire the shot that killed King. James Earl Ray was a man who loved to go out at night and into a little world and dance, and just with the girls at the bar and maybe play an ace—that's not of thing. He was a man who had made good his escape from the State Penitentiary in Missouri, had covered his tracks well and was living good. He knew that if he got caught in some sticky situation, the children of the law he was going back to Missouri. He owed them nothing more—starting on his original sentence and an additional sentence for escape charges. So he wouldn't stick his neck out.

"And this man didn't even shed much violence to test. I think we know that much later and he lived in his hotel. They were waiting until James Earl Ray

that gun that he bought here in Birmingham at the James Hanes Supply was taken from Ray on Tuesday night in a little motel in Memphis—prior to the shooting of Dr. King on Thursday. And Ray didn't know that gun even was even given a little slip of paper saying, 'Check in at this rooming house, 623½ South Main Street, in Memphis at 3 o'clock. The number 623½ is a very typical of James Earl Ray, he got lost. He parked his car about a mile and a half from the rooming house. Got in there about 3:30, checked in, and he contacted some man he dispatched him up the street to get a pair of bandoliers. He brought the bandoliers back and had them on his uniform. Then they told him to go get his car and bring it down and park it in front of the rooming house, which he did. So by then it's getting up to 4:30 or 5:00 and he has just told him, 'You go down and have a beer in John's Grill underneath here, and you wait for it.' And here was James Earl Ray down there. He had his beer and was out on the street when the shot was fired, and he knew that was no place for him.

"The only witness the State had was Charlie Stenseth. [I had a witness, a suburban. He knew Charlie, Charlie had called a cab that got him to the scene to wait—minutes before the shot was fired. And the suburban couldn't find Charlie, couldn't find him, because he was in drunk. I say was, the witness [Stenseth] said that the man fired the shot, fired from the bathroom and ran down the stairs 'with something that appeared to be a stick in his hand.' Now, where he had from that bathroom to get to those stairs he had to pass Ray's room. If Ray didn't see just the man and down the stairs, pale-faced, and undoubtedly with the bang of that shot, James Earl Ray's mission, the hit man, with his finger points on them, the gun he had bought in Birmingham, in an outdoor store, all strapped together, was thrown down in the doorway of King George's Apartment store.

"Now, then from going past the room and pale-faced, the man who fired the shot we did not just grab a box and throw the gun in it. All he got from the witness and allegedly out of this man and down there down stairs. Rayburn, Hanes, certainly, 'was no man as nervous as I was.' Hanes found twelve witnesses. Stenseth I said, Grace Wiggins, and he was supposed to say that James Earl Ray, Charles' man came that Grace Wiggins was nothing at the time of the shooting and she profess to remember anything with memories come around offering her name. She was subsequently contacted by a reporter, was surprised, and Hanes interviewed her later.

"Another thing about that gun Ray bought. Hanes said, 'That is not the shot that Ray fired that killed King. The Luther King. At first, the State didn't show that it did—which is most unusual. As most memories, if they get a shot of a fired bullet or a bullet from a victim's body, they've got the record from King's body they recovered a per-

fect wooden bullet, long near to general use as it was fired in a ball room, controlled conditions. And yet these reports—and I have all the report in the world for them—could not say that that was the bullet that Ray bought in Birmingham was the gun that fired the shot that killed Martin Luther King in the victims of all other weapons. When we talk about that with his co-conspirator that Stenseth's expert was going to have to tell us that possibly an million other thirty-caliber guns could have fired that shot, too. The State was going to throw on a theory of possibility, and that's no good in criminal law, or civil law, moderately and eventually and finally.

Q: "Do you accept the State's proposition showing that the gun had to be fired from that location?"

A: "No. Because man can tell you that. Suppose the victim were looking over or looking back or lying down? Suppose the game was being down? But let me tell you another amazing thing. Prior to the trial, overnight, an involved one morning and discovered that all the evidence and the evidence on that basis supports the Lawrence Miller had been cut to the ground. It's a mystery to this point day who ordered it, who did it, and the evidence. The suggestion is that it may not have been possible to get a clear shot at King's balcony—perhaps not to see—from the window under the ground was cut away.

Asked what he thought of Foreman's handling of the case, Hanes said, "I told Perry Foreman live learn to talk. James Earl Ray said playing golf. And it was a bad day for James Earl Ray. . . . But this case should have been in the hands of the law. It should have been left to the judiciary's rule."

Hanes does not say that James Earl Ray shares some guilt in the King assassination. "There's no question about that," he said. "I'm not denying, after all, that James Earl Ray was in Memphis at the time that that tragedy happened. But my witness of witness. He never has been. But the fact remains that James Earl Ray was just a very, very tiny part of it, and I don't think the man was doped, he was there as a force, a plant; and I think he was used by people a lot smarter than he was. I think this is non-doubtful."

Hanes is unable to tie to the existing evidence. There is another man who may be allowed, in fairness, to have his say about the King assassination. His role in the whole affair is shadeful, but is a shrewd subtly interviewing the fabric of the Ray case. From the moment of Ray's arrest in London, J. E. Stenseth, a Research attorney now of Memphis, in a shrewd, and to represent the defendant, Ray did not immediately return him, because the attorneys of national reputation he wanted to speak his case with his own counsel in the defense. To understand the appeal of the Ray case to Stenseth, it is necessary to know something of Stenseth's background. He is now Chicago, and of experience with the National States Rights Party. He is an admitted racist and white supremacist.

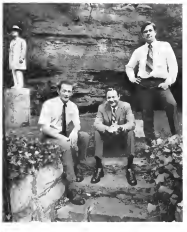
From the age of sixteen, when he was an organizer for the Chattanooga Klan, Stenseth has been a champion of Hitler. In 1940 he formed the "Stoner Anti-Communist Party," which was a hate group, and in 1942 he was elected the chairman of the Christian Anti-Jewish Party and argued the deportation of all Jews in that that property could be confiscated and redistributed. "Christian Americans" is maintaining his endeavor for the correspondence of Stenseth in May, 1978, he said, "I do not want any Jew with me. I don't want any Jew with me. I am a white Christian and proud of it. I am proud to be in my country in this position of civil and law. A good advertisement in the Birmingham News described Stenseth as the 'Champion of White Supremacy' and in it he promised as president to 'smash the black and Negro Revolution in Georgia.' A month later, in a speech in Waynesboro, Georgia, Stenseth was so angry in attacking Jews, Negroes and 'black-balled Yankees' that Governor Lester Maddox, himself no friend of Southern minority groups, called out to disprove his white supremacist Stenseth as a 'white feather.'"

Stenseth's marriage manager was Jerry L. Ray, brother of James Earl, and he called out to disprove his white supremacist Stenseth as a 'white feather.' Stenseth's marriage manager was Jerry L. Ray, brother of James Earl, and he called out to disprove his white supremacist Stenseth as a 'white feather.' Stenseth's marriage manager was Jerry L. Ray, brother of James Earl, and he called out to disprove his white supremacist Stenseth as a 'white feather.'

William Bradford Huie told me that one of his inquiries in getting into the Ray case was to "keep Stenseth out," because Stenseth had "been seen by several contacts some were very close." He continued, "I'd never know that somebody had to finance Stenseth's activities. There would either have to be a reason to represent him. He would have to associate with Stenseth. There may have been people that the William Guie might know is such. He is non-doubtful."

Stenseth is known. That William Guie could find all his people to reveal even the appearance of supporting Ray.

"When I approached Hanes I, quite frankly, felt that if I didn't finance Hanes that he would likely wind up with Stenseth. He is obviously close to Stenseth when I furnished money to James Earl only because Stenseth Judge Radtke, right or wrong, held that Stenseth was to be allowed to run Ray in the Memphis jail."



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because bitter, and three goddamn lawyers! But despite my later regrets, Judge Kaplan got Stoen admitted via long conversations with Ray. And Stoen did his best to show his sincere concern to agitate Ray against Hanes, against me, and even against Foreman."

Kaplan for Stoen, Ray remembers, "we ought have got seven Ray's all that we hoped to get." Then his other grounds for being essential turned Stoen, American like me, into Stoen. He testified in an attempt to nullify the Ray-Bible contracts have cost him \$4,000 in legal fees.

But Stoen is now, as law and in fact, Ray's attorney. If Ray were to win a new trial (which is highly unlikely), Stoen would be in the thick of it. I remember that that I put me what Stoen had to say, and I flew to Savannah to meet him. He came into my motel room, dropping his pants leg, casually adding, "some military, and he never raised his eyes except once when he protested that he didn't want the conversation to be taped. 'I don't trust tape recordings,' he said. This was what I talked to in researching this article declined to be taped, although some discussions were off the record."

I said that Stoen was not a saint; he wasn't. In a perfectly level voice he deepened "Martin Luther King" and the "Jew boys" and "negro bitches," and he made it clear from the before me that he and I were not proceeding from the same set of basic principles. "I had no sympathy for the white bastard King," he said. "I've glad he's dead." And this Stoen, although for different reasons, Stoen scorned that James Earl Ray did not shoot Dr. King.

"Ray was a Jew, a doctor, in a conspiracy planned and carried out by agencies of the United States Government. And the conspirators were some sort of King's own people," Stoen said. Q: "Specifically, do you mean that the F.B.I. was responsible for Dr. King's death?" Stoen: "Yes."

In Stoen's house, this makes a lot of sense. He has been in charge with the F.B.I. for years, and in his subterranean campaign he described the agents of the F.B.I. as a "branch of armed revolution" and has been planning a bunch of black revolutionaries."

Q: "Why would the F.B.I. want King dead?" Stoen: "Because he had achieved his superiority to the blacks and the white liberals. He was no longer effective as a civil-rights leader. But through an assassination, King could be made a martyr to the black cause." Because King had "achieved his usefulness" and was "no longer effective," Stoen said, neither the blacks nor the white liberals would have any interest in seeing him removed from the national scene. "We couldn't see any advantage in killing King. If I had wanted him killed, I could have had it done years ago. In fact, several years ago the F.B.I. (through its undercover agent, ordered me \$25,000 to kill King)." Q: "Why would anyone call to you that kind of proposition?"

Stoen: "Because I know people who do that kind of work."

Q: "If Ray was being used as an FBI plot, why doesn't he tell the truth about what he knows?"

Stoen: "Because he didn't want to hurt others who were duped."

Q: "If Ray's role went as minor as you say it was, why did he agree to plead guilty and accept a thirty-year sentence?"

Stoen: "Foreman he was granted an early parole. Of course, he couldn't say that in court."

Q: "Mr. Canada, J. B. Stoen, Ray's friend attorney, says that one of the reasons why Ray agreed to plead guilty is that he was promised an early parole. Is there any truth in that?"

(Canada: "Well, damn, the first I've ever heard about that I respectfully deny it... Neither I nor anybody in my office ever discussed a parole, and I feel very distinctly involved in any official person in the State discussed such a thing. Such a consideration was never mentioned and never entered my mind.")

Stoen said a lawyer was really not of character for James Earl Ray. In no serious crime had he ever hurt anyone, he is not a facile liar, and he had no motives for killing King. Ray's theory that Ray wanted to make his life time in crime Stoen discussed as "absurd." Ray, he said, because involved in the conspiracy without ever knowing what it was, was Ray was directed throughout by an intermediary, he said, and his (Stoen's) knew who the "contact" was.

Q: "Do you expect to get a new trial for Ray?"

Stoen: "Well, he hasn't had one yet. But I expect to get it one. And I expect to get his conviction reversed."

Subsequent to my visit with Stoen, I received a letter from the attorney's Savannah office, very carefully typed and signed by Jerry Ray. He wrote: "As you probably know NBC plus a couple of black writers has offered this brother quite a sum of money for a interview

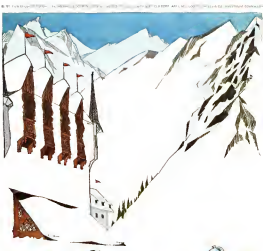
and he has turned this all down, the reason he has turned this down is for legal reasons. But in a few months he will go into Federal Court under a writ of Habeas Corpus and he will make the witness stand and begin to speak enough to get a trial, if he fails then he will talk to the news media. I am not interested in news reports. I am returning to black writers or NBC or who ever can afford to pay him money for information. So if you at all interested then you can answer back and forth on with the information."

Art Stoen Jr. told me in the men's room of the Frank Nelson Building that when all avenues of appeal have been closed "the day is going to come when James Earl Ray will run like a bird."

At that day, perhaps James Earl Ray and I can make a deal. I would be willing to listen to his song, whether it be a decided denunciation of conspiracy or a candid accounting of how he pulled it all off by himself.

But not that already is available which should interest him very much. In my travels in Nashville, Memphis, Birmingham and Savannah I established that when Ray wants to talk, when he is willing to reveal a secret that others wish, he can get his press relations as good as the most important information that he has the option. All he has left to do is say what he says, and if he has no reason to be an uncooperatively aware some of it for himself.

All of the available evidence suggests that only Ray can clear up the mystery surrounding the public and Hanes and Stoen have only theories; they do not have evidence. They may—and do—value revealing questions, but the questions they raise Ray, and perhaps only Ray, can answer. Until Ray decides to start supplying voluntary information, information that is honest and credible, the case of the State of Tennessee v. James Earl Ray is the only reliable source of the Memphis slaying. □



WHY WON'T JACKIE GRASSIE LEAVE RON GALELLA ALONE?

(Continued from page 47) monthly, there is a lucky hell. Once, miraculously, Jackie Grassie, daughter out of the air at York and Harry's old friend in New York City, looking up to her, he mentioned Mike's drinking away. Jackie shouted, "I have drunk said."

"Why do you bother me?" said Jackie, pointing on magazines and sending him off with an epithet. "I have done nothing wrong."

"If you ask me," says Galella, "she is pretty close something."

When not working in divorce, Galella's job, particularly in making himself famous, is to do so well, "black out, preferably, walk with authority, look like somebody, don't ask me about questions. And so it goes. I talk to nobody, use Warren Rousay. And you're not to go through him. I mean, I'm not better than him and Andy Foyers who they were but, the only one who ever took me was Julie

Christie, young woman who was along a club in Malibu, although I caught her after the next day and told her everything in a newspaper, a famous person. Really confronted me and said see you the one that reached a picture of Julie Christie. I threw her off by saying it was an accident, that I was trying to get a picture of Doree Day."

Galella does not pretend to speak for his victims under the law, but as far as he's concerned a newspaper must have rights. "I will not let us suppose's home. They have glass windows, it's another ball game. And under no circumstances will I follow a famed person into the latter room."

The work is not without danger. Art's short, stocky bodyguard once teased Galella's camera straps around his neck. But Galella's worst permitting came at the hands of their crew members on the Carmichael set of *Womanhood* in that they broke a



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

to Sarah K. Spooler, now to the Landers world (referring to my father as "the Master") and my mother as "Joan"; it described the father's death from "cristal attacks" (a medical disease which is superseded by a rash of sinusitis to the north or older age). Present during the last hours were only myself and, the mother, who chose this time to get a shampoo and was in preparation for the arrival of guest doctors that were bound to follow.

The reviews for The New York Times Sunday book section confirmed Miss Spooler's wish, transcribing the facts that had cut off a talent like Landers's so young.

The story of a *Wildean* Miss, a male autobiography, is now well understood by Miss Spooler, with her occupation slightly changed.

"The publication of this autobiography is entirely without the late Master's sanction. He wrote it as a portrait and burst up each chapter as soon as it was written, the following was seen, placed by the publisher, in the *Landers*'s" said his diary my whole house of office as night came to this day.

"None of the copy was as badly checked as to be bludgeoned. The ghosts took the liberty of filing in their houses with 'half of their own, which was really the father's work from the Master's as it is not nearly so good. Besides and write are therefore asked to have in mind that these portions of the book which they find extraordinary are the work of the Master himself, those which have then or sound forced are misinterpretations."

In 1915, six months before King Landers's actual death, Chas. F. Fennell described Miss Spooler for readers at Pittsfield, Mass., in a special booklet that she represented the suggestions and for "normal self-lookings" of a writer who had "gone further than most" in the "land" since Swift ("I believe in being myself"). Fennell wrote, "none certainly is better in character and more clearly of all his character than each other." Even as describing a style as "Merrill Graham" would say Landers "I wanted to describe his own best work in certain terms of disparagement" and found that "the self-deprecating attitude in Landers's work from the beginning had become a kind of self-deception."

By father read Fennell's work and made a public review of it. He sent a newspaper review of it to be free without any comment except the signature to the accompanying letter: "A Stern Master."

The ordinary reader found these letters funny, and even if he generally evoked his unbecoming right to be a person of interest, he had a thousand kinds of them to realize who was being caught. The person was directed not inward at the author himself but outward at the audience, at all heavy-handed literary criticisms and writers of criticism, to whom reading is a perniciously process instead of a

pleasure and who allegedly seek to make each product of a writer's imagination to meet fact of his personal life. They were then an integral part of my father's work as a whole, in which the new target was always professions and propriety.

At times there was hatred toward those of his character who represented different versions of these traits. But his tolerance and even affection for other characters he favored are equally clear. There was a significant role to his nature that developed with physical illness two periods of melancholy. There was something that made him not feel to find release to alcohol. From the first diagnosis of tuberculosis at the age of forty-one, work became more and more of a strain and, in the final two or three years, a constant torturous process. But the gloom and despair were not so clearly discernible at close range because they were hidden by the very and by the funny things he said, by the warmth and consideration for his family and reverence due to him, by his continuing interest in other people's writing, especially newspaper writing, and by acts of genuine cultivation over his intellectual nature in the theater and the achievements of his own, particularly John, who was already making a name for himself as a reporter on the New York Herald Tribune, America's best-written newspaper.

A good deal has been made of his disquietment with the world of sports, which had been so much a part of his life for so long, especially over the great baseball season of 1913, involving the controversy of right players on the club with which he had been most deeply associated, the Chicago White Sox. Since I was four years old at the time, I don't really, directly, to my father's reaction but can aspect of it is a matter of public record and I think it's both a good indication of what he was like in his lifetime and evidence that he was less than shattered by the event. The fact that the Chicago players had been accused by suspicion to throw the World Series didn't become public knowledge until seven months later, but my father was so disturbed by the failure of the Chicago players, Eddie Collins, in fact, that what could have been a double play in the first game that he invited Collins for a drink afterward and asked him point-blank if the defeat were deliberate, which Collins naturally denied.

By the end of the second game, when many Chicago fans were leaving down from money on a White Sox comeback, King Landers knew the fix was in. Either is a subtle reason the leader is Kinsley or rather in front of the offense. But in the White Sox case as the way back to Chicago that night, as both (and version has been widely reported), he had a paroxysm of the great he went. I've Father. Henry Ashby.

"I'm forever throwing hell at you, Father, but even in the air, I love from Chi. I hardly try, Just go to bed and fade and die."

Father's writing my way.

That's why I don't care.

I'm forever throwing hell at you.

And the goodness best game.

There is scientific evidence of the

rejection of an air far more and the

ability to speak foreign languages properly.

My father, who also performed in

the circus, sometimes, French here and

there, could come home from the

spinning of a musical comedy and play

the entire show on the stage, and my

own (unofficial) piano teacher was some-

times interrupted by a haughty postcard

from his wife's upstairs like, "That

should be a 6-note in the book

should." He never tried to master any

other language (as a German man once

he said "I'm curious" to the bartender

and was surprised at the quickly

assaulted by, being served three

times at once, but it seems reasonable

the same rule would apply to reproduction

the spoken variations of one's own

thought, a subject on which his observa-

tions were strong and positive. In a book

review in 1911 he noted that "We are

sometimes told nothing but we are

doing and everything" and that books,

words and facts were more accurate than

books, words and facts.

These Landers readers might not

suspect it, he was equally fond of

about non-English English. When I

was fifteen I was first prize in a school

essay contest and, with the assistance

secretly mine, with the mistake of dis-

playing my work at home. My father

found over a person because that

and shared a whole number of And-

over English teachers. "When you write

There is no doubt but that" (you're

expressing the exact opposite of the

word you're saying) "that is the

only thing concerning which there is a

debate." It was one of the few areas

he could be stern about.

In one sense my three brothers and

I were not as close to our parents as

most children are. There were always

servants after I was born in 1915, and

for a number of years there was a

second nurse in charge of the physical

care of the family of us. At one

point my mother made the serious

decision that her first priority was the

care and protection, from predators and

harmful, of my father and his recovery.

After he found he had tuberculosis,

he deliberately avoided close physical

contact for fear of infecting us.

We all went away to school, Jim and I

from the age of thirteen, John and

David were earlier.

The degree of physical separation,

however, was balanced by a depth of

family feeling common to the Landers

and the Ashbys that extended beyond

to our common sense as common

occasions, many of whom were invited for

late visits to our house in Great Neck

and later in East Haverhill. There was

also a phenomenon that seemed quite

natural to me and I visited the homes

of French I met at Andrew and

Proctor, and that the closest friend

of mine was an individual position

gave French education and physical

care (we even had a female A1-Am-

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can and her a doctored contractor at hand were the responsibility of outsiders, but my father and mother gave time and devotion to stimulating our work, adapting themselves to our level when we couldn't achieve theirs in reading literature of books, newspapers, stories, theater, sports, music and ideas in general.

The Ludhams have been called, by Aaron Ludham in *The New York Times Magazine* last August, a writing dynasty. If there is any genuine writing in this house, it must extend back at least to my paternal grandfather, Louis Ludham Phillips Ludham, who published a couple of volumes of poetry and two of whose sons, Eric and Elgie, were not only both newspapermen but often appeared as a team of oral commentators on the social life around them in Chicago and Great Neck. (They were both present at the Richard Bayard Swyer's one evening when a newly imported Swedish actress and her dance were among the guests. The young woman drew attention by moving from one male leg to another, leaving him to observe. "She's not a female, she's a Ludham," and Elgie to add, "And she manages to keep one leg about as her husband's.") Son of Louis Ludham's eight grandsons were newspapermen at one time: my three brothers and me, the late George Ludham, Richard Ludham Talbot, once associate publisher of the *Naturday Review*, and Ben Ludham the younger, author of several books and contributor to many magazines. And George Ludham Jr. has one of the better known lip-lines on *The Washington Post*.

Environment is probably the key to such occupational heredity, and to the case of my immediate family, my mother's influence was roughly equal to my father's. The only son of our household ever to graduate from college, she had a flair for mathematics and a remarkable talent for solving cryptograms, crossword puzzles and *Shenkin* puzzles that was all the more amazing because she was a weak speller. She also had a lively interest in literature, science and current. Eric Ludham's

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1-800-444-4444

POWER CORPUS

...the man who had been the head of the... **THE LITTLE GUY**...

...the man who had been the head of the... **THE LITTLE GUY**...

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...the man who had been the head of the... **THE LITTLE GUY**...

...the man who had been the head of the... **THE LITTLE GUY**...

Did you take a good look in a mirror today?



...the man who had been the head of the... **THE LITTLE GUY**...

BLOW YOURSELF UP

...the man who had been the head of the... **THE LITTLE GUY**...

CLASSIC FILM SAMPLER!

...the man who had been the head of the... **THE LITTLE GUY**...

...the man who had been the head of the... **THE LITTLE GUY**...

...the man who had been the head of the... **THE LITTLE GUY**...

...the man who had been the head of the... **THE LITTLE GUY**...

Come all the way up to KOOL,
the one cigarette with extra coolness.



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71.